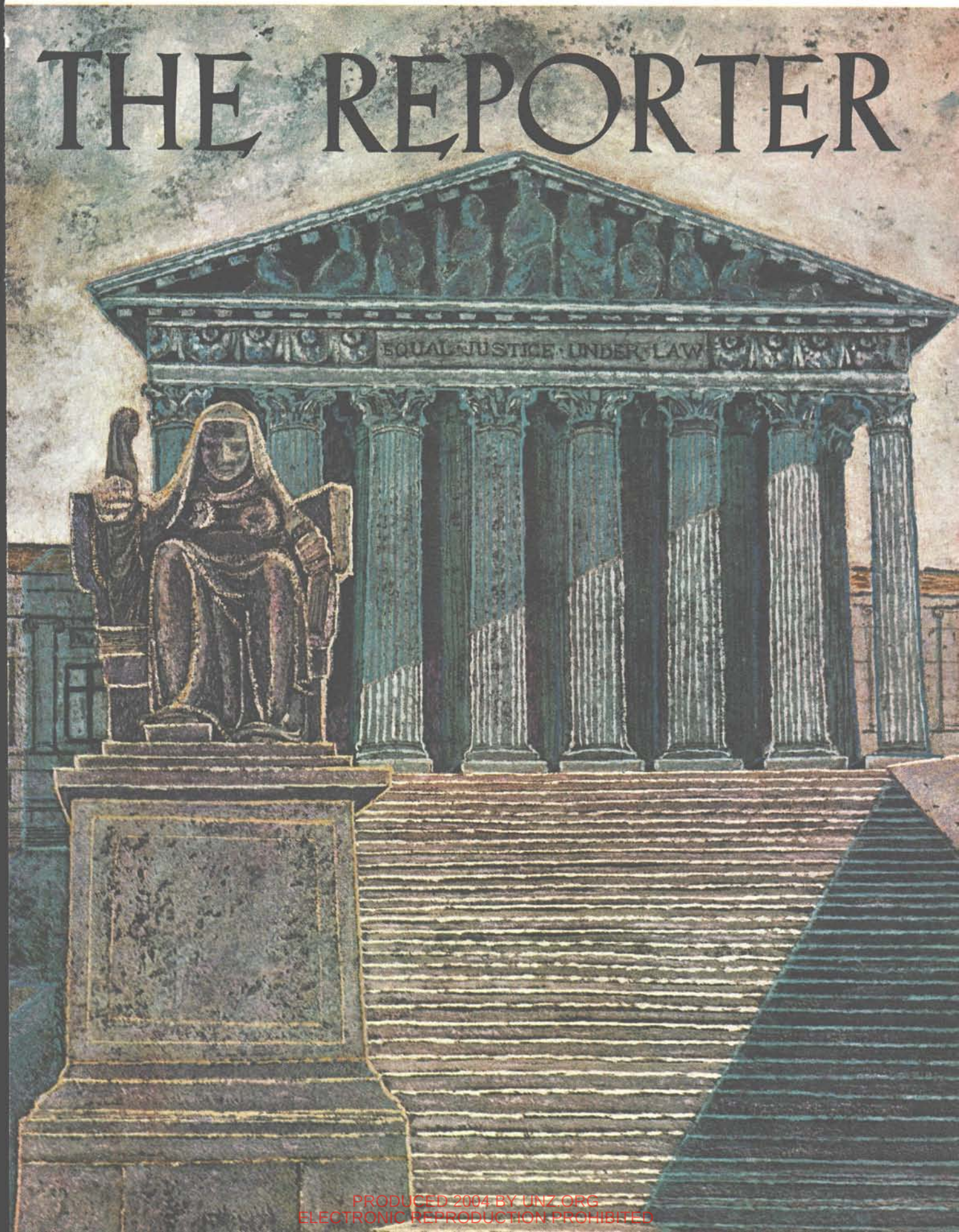
Negroes Want More Than 'Tokenism'

March 31, 1960 25¢

THE LEGACY OF SUEZ

THE REPORTER



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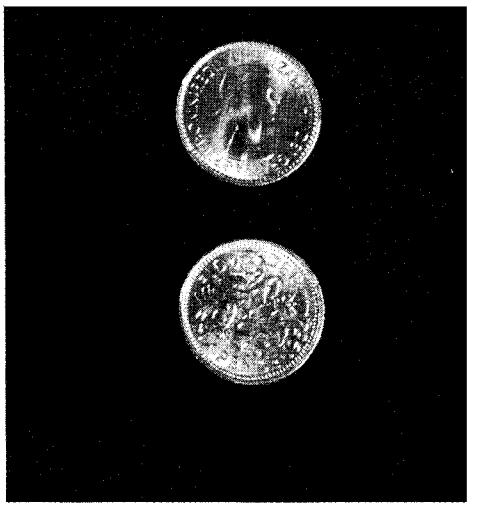
Tourist's Guide to British Money

(Take it with you when you go)

A PENNY is worth about one cent in U. S. currency, but is about twice as big. Twelve English pennies make a shilling. The rate of exchange is highly favorable today. You can actually spend two grand weeks in Britain for under $200.



SIXPENCE. The silver sixpence is the equivalent of 7¢, and a delightful little coin it is. The slang word for sixpence is "tanner." Traveling by rail in Britain can cost less than 3¢ a mile. And bus travel works out at about 2¢ a mile.

SHILLING. Equal to 14¢. Twenty-one shillings make a "guinea," which is so aristocratic that there isn't a coin or banknote for it at all. You can do a lot with one shilling—tour Windsor Castle, see the Crown Jewels, or visit Hampton Court.

FLORIN. A two-shilling piece—28¢. The first florins were minted in Queen Victoria's reign and were known as "Godless florins," due to the omission of the usual Latin initials signifying "by the Grace of God" after the Queen's name.

HALF-CROWN. Two shillings and sixpence—or 35¢. Today, for only a half-crown, you can visit almost any of 450 castles and mansions now open to the public. Stately homes like Blenheim Palace, Chatsworth House and Glamis Castle.

ONE POUND. Equivalent of $2.80. There's a bill for this—also for ten shillings. But U. S. law won't let us show either. The British slang for a pound is "quid." Call it what you like, it buys you a fine seat at the theater. *Note:* There's a Scottish shilling in our picture. It has only one lion on its crest. Can you spot it?

For free British Travel Kit, see a travel agent or write to Box 315, British Travel Assn. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 So. Hill St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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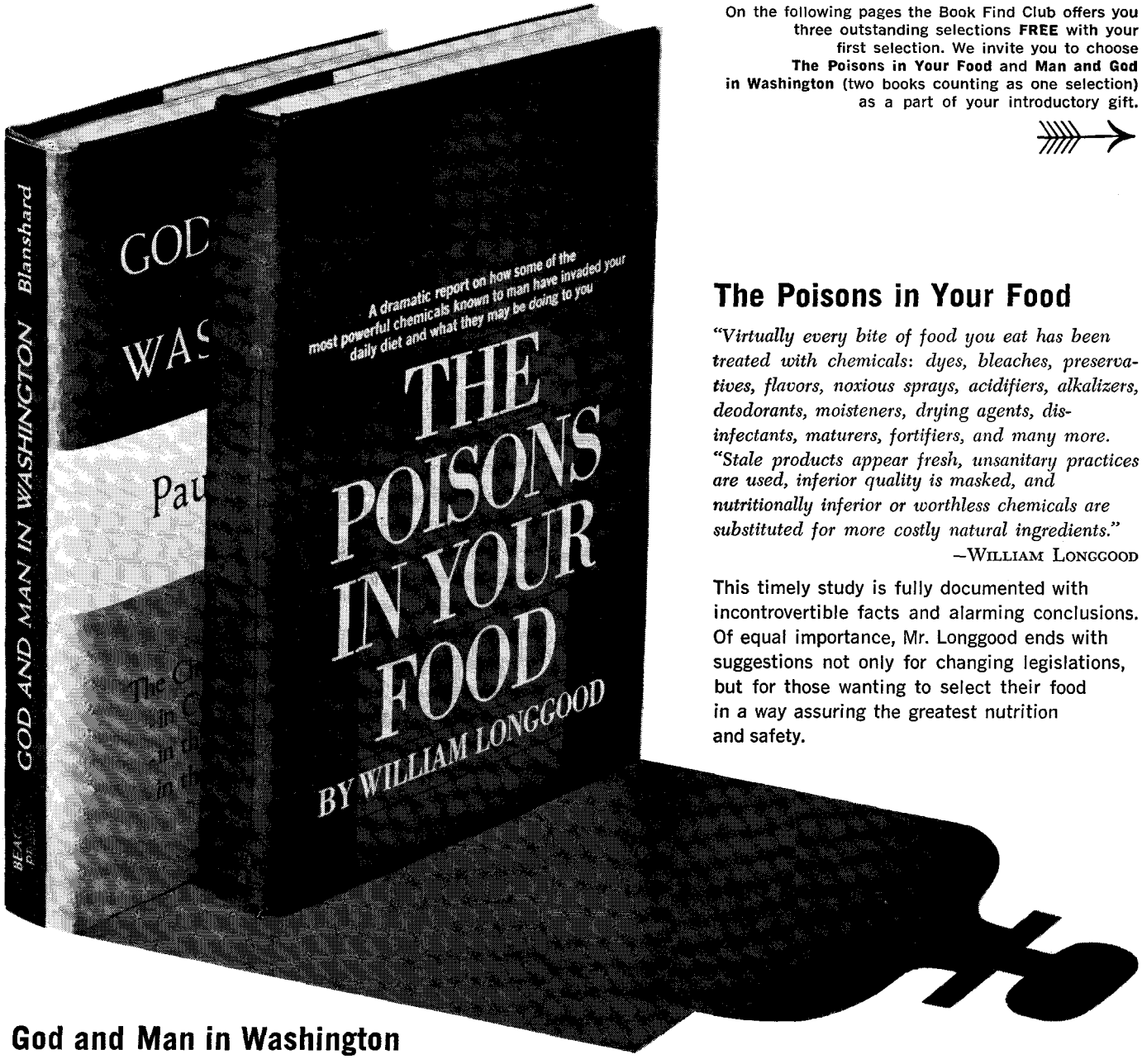
Provocative...

Two Books Penetrating Today's Headlines to Examine the Underlying Issues


GOD AND MAN IN WASHINGTON Blanshard
A dramatic report on how some of the most powerful chemicals known to man have invaded your daily diet and what they may be doing to you
THE POISONS IN YOUR FOOD
BY WILLIAM LONGGOOD

On the following pages the Book Find Club offers you three outstanding selections **FREE** with your first selection. We invite you to choose **The Poisons in Your Food** and **Man and God in Washington** (two books counting as one selection) as a part of your introductory gift.

The Poisons in Your Food

"Virtually every bite of food you eat has been treated with chemicals: dyes, bleaches, preservatives, flavors, noxious sprays, acidifiers, alkalizers, deodorants, moisteners, drying agents, disinfectants, maturers, fortifiers, and many more. "Stale products appear fresh, unsanitary practices are used, inferior quality is masked, and nutritionally inferior or worthless chemicals are substituted for more costly natural ingredients."

—WILLIAM LONGGOOD

This timely study is fully documented with incontrovertible facts and alarming conclusions. Of equal importance, Mr. Longgood ends with suggestions not only for changing legislations, but for those wanting to select their food in a way assuring the greatest nutrition and safety.

God and Man in Washington

"I have tried to preserve in these pages a point of view that is neither secularist nor sectarian, a point of view appropriate for a tolerant liberal democrat who believes in the practice of freedom in a pluralistic society."

—PAUL BLANSHARD

Surveying the whole panorama of church-state relations throughout America, Paul Blanshard attacks the sentimentalism and evasive platitudes which lead men to pretend there is no religious issue in American politics.

This is no militant tract, but a calm consideration of a major political and moral issue.

...a new dual selection of THE BOOK FIND CLUB

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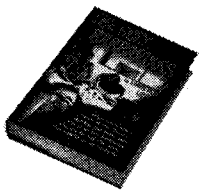
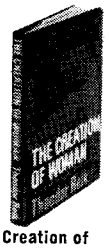
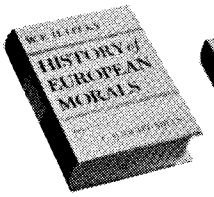
The Golden Age of American History, edited by Frank Freidel. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.75.



The Holy Barbarians, Lawrence Lipton. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

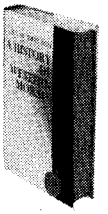


The Creation of Woman, Theodor Reik. Retail $3.75. Member's price $2.75.

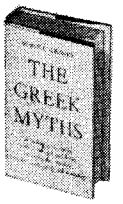


History of European Morals, W. E. H. Lecky. Retail $5.00.

The Rise and Fall of Rationalism in Europe, W. E. H. Lecky. Retail $5.00.



A History of Western Morals, Crane Brinton. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.



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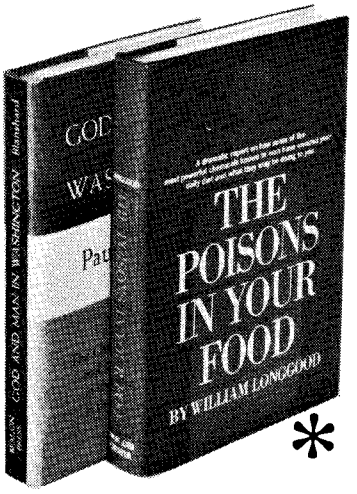
The Armchair Science Reader, edited by Isabel S. Gordon and Sophie Sorkin. Retail $7.95. Member's price $4.95.



The Poisons in Your Food, William Longgood; *and* **God and Man in Washington,** Paul Blanshard. Combined retail price $7.45. Member's price (for both books) $4.50.

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World, John Malcolm Brinnin. Retail $6.00. Member's price $3.95.

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The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.

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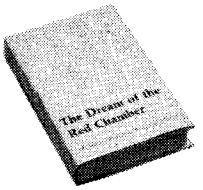
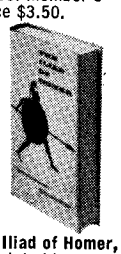
The Cool World, Warren Miller. Retail $3.75. Member's price $2.75.

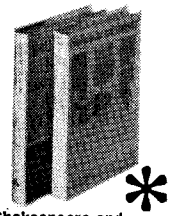


The Dream of the Red Chamber. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.50.

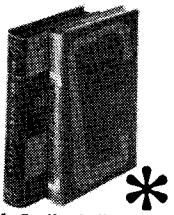


The Iliad of Homer, translated by Richmond Lattimore. Retail $4.50.

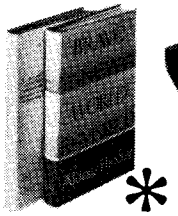
Land Without Justice, Milovan Djilas. Retail $5.75. Member's price $3.95.



Shakespeare and Company, Sylvia Beach; *and* **Human Nature and the Human Condition,** Joseph Wood Krutch. Combined retail price $8.45. Member's price $4.75.



My Brother's Keeper, Stanislaus Joyce; *and* **Albert Camus: The Invincible Summer,** Albert Maquet. Combined retail price $8.75. Member's price (for both books) $4.50.



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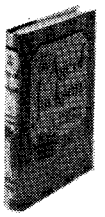

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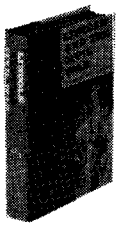
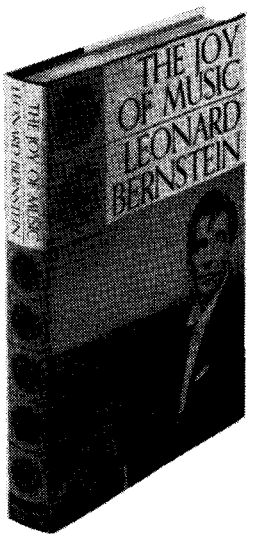
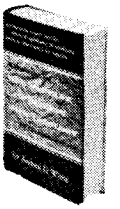


Lincoln and the Civil War, Courtland Canby. Retail $5.00.



The Joy of Music, Leonard Bernstein. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.



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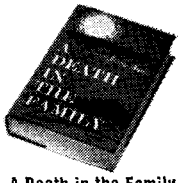

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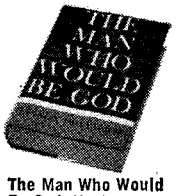
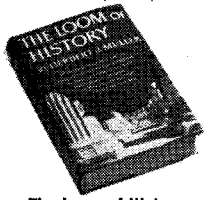


The Man Who Would Be God, Haakon Chevalier. Retail $4.95. Member's price $3.75.



The Loom of History, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.75.

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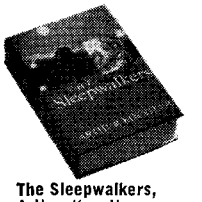

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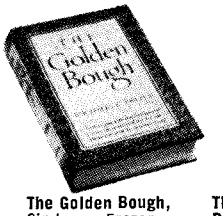
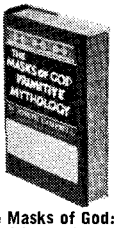


The Golden Bough, Sir James Frazer. Retail $3.95. Member's price $3.25.



The Masks of God: Primitive Mythology, Joseph Campbell. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.

Poets in a Landscape, Gilbert Highet. Retail $6.50. Member's price $4.50.

The Origins of Psychoanalysis: Sigmund Freud's Letters. Retail $6.75. Member's price $3.75.

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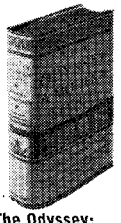

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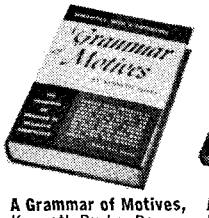
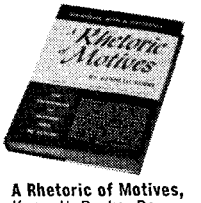
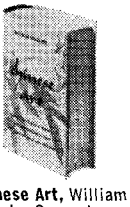


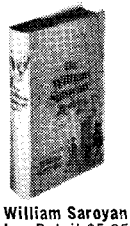
A Grammar of Motives, Kenneth Burke. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.00.



A Rhetoric of Motives, Kenneth Burke. Retail $3.95. Member's price $3.00.



Chinese Art, William Willets. One-volume edition. Retail $5.00.



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

He Did His Job

The Chancellor was in our country only a few days, long enough, however, to do the job for which he has no rival. He met most of our leaders, and he made all of them uncomfortable. Konrad Adenauer is a man on leave from the western Pantheon, but somehow his superior power and his own indomitable will keep him among the living, in flagrant violation of actuarial laws. At his age, he really has no business being so much alive.

The Chancellor takes full advantage of his privilege and makes everybody feel ill at ease—first of all, his own people. Sometimes he is inclined to take what may be only figments of his imagination too seriously, and speaks out accordingly. He has made it fairly clear, for instance, that he has qualms about the Spirit of Camp David and doubts the determination of the American and the British representatives to hold their own in dealing with Khrushchev.

Sometimes he speaks out of turn, as when, just before leaving Washington, he suggested that the West Berliners ought to be consulted about the future of their city. Why the West Berliners alone, and not those living on the eastern side, as has been suggested before? Were the West Berliners to express in a plebiscite (as they certainly would) their will to remain free, would this mean that the western leaders are forbidden to discuss the future of the city at the summit? Or if there has to be a discussion, would our leaders be bound by a mandate from the Berliners? If so, how is it to be defined?

Obviously the Chancellor spoke, as he himself said, out of a sudden inspiration, and somewhat thoughtlessly. And yet at bottom he happens to be profoundly and absolutely right. The Berlin plebiscite must be considered as something that has already taken place, and is irrevocable; for the western leaders *are* responsible for the people of West Berlin and are accountable to them.

The Great Commoner

Although most Britons feel happily democratic about the fact that Princess Margaret is going to marry a commoner, there is a growing campaign to prove that he's not as common as all that. An assistant editor of *Debrett's Peerage* has announced to a waiting world that Mr. Armstrong-Jones has royal blood in his veins, and we can all breathe more easily in the knowledge that the young man is in fact no other than the direct twenty-second-generation descendant of a daughter of Edward I, who ruled England during the thirteenth century.

The only snag is that according to our own calculations, twenty-two successive dilutions leave Mr. Armstrong-Jones with rather less than one four-millionth part of royal blood. There comes a point in proofs of a man's imperial heritage at which it is difficult to conceal his cosmic commonness.

Oil on Troubled Waters

No doubt about it, the age of television is having its effect on the oratory one hears even in such citadels as the United States Senate. There has been a marked decline in eloquence like that once heard from the late Senator Walter George (D., Georgia), who could attain thunderous climaxes and bring his colleagues running from the cloakroom. The present-day politician learns to modulate his tones and restrict his gestures so as to keep within the confines of the twenty-one-inch picture tube. Above all, he has learned to curb the soaring leaps of imagery so dear to the orators of yore.

Perhaps that is the reason why even among his fellow senators the Republican leader, Everett Dirksen of Illinois, is regarded as something of a museum piece. When he gets up to speak he resembles the venerable solons of a bygone age.

The most eloquent senators, starting cold, usually hover for a time, jaw flapping, until the mind sends impulse and direction to the tongue. Not so Senator Dirksen. He needs but to open his mouth and the great rolling spherical phrases begin to bubble out. He never has to pause to find a connective, never search his memory for the elusive word. Like a mighty pipe organ, he has merely to regulate the wind volume to achieve awesome effects. With his back turned to the Senate press gallery, his barest whisper is clearly audible in its farthest reaches.

This is a quite different Dirksen from the snarling, sneering politician who jabbed his finger toward Dewey at the 1952 Republican convention and sought to prod the party's bitter memories in a futile effort to defeat Eisenhower. Nor is this any longer the pretentious Dirksen who played the role of judge during the Army-McCarthy hearings while, in fact, being heart and soul an advocate of the Wisconsin demagogue.

Today, the minority leader's heart belongs to Eisenhower. This new Dirksen is mellower, more mellifluous. The dough of his argument is often leavened with the yeast of humor. More and more, nowadays, his discourses printed in the *Congressional Record* are punctuated by those gladsome brackets [laughter]. He is the master of the wrong metaphor rightly conceived to wow his listeners. Even when he protested against beating "this old bag of bones" in defending Clare Boothe Luce's nomination, one suspected that the slip was intentional.

Carrying the administration's banner, Senator Dirksen has been at his very best during the civil-rights debate. At one moment he cried

THE REPORTER, March 31, 1960, Volume 22, No. 7. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: one year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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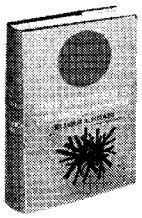

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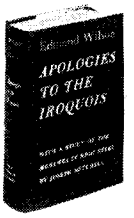

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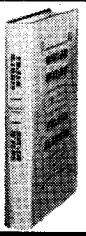

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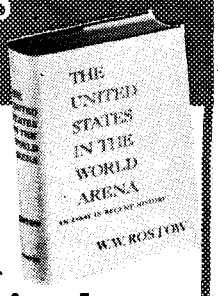

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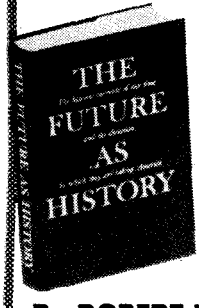

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A short time later, he counseled caution when he was one against eighty-five in defending the administration's desire to restrict the bill's anti-bombing provision:

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"Mr. Dirksen: The Senator's pleasure would be that since we have plowed a good, big nuclear hole in the amendment in the nature of a substitute, we now adjourn. [Laughter.]"

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¶ Another [Finch trial] juror, Mrs. Genevieve Lang, said she had some doubts of the doctor's guilt. "That's why I voted for second-degree murder," she told a reporter.—*AP report.*

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¶ While the Senator is indulging me, let me say that, while a one-man government, or a totalitarian state is very offensive to my philosophy of government, in my opinion, if we must have a dictator, Trujillo has been about as liberal a dictator as a country could have.—*Senator Richard Russell.*

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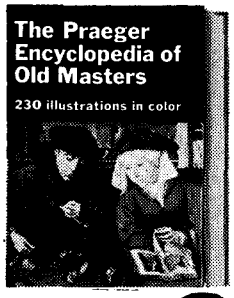

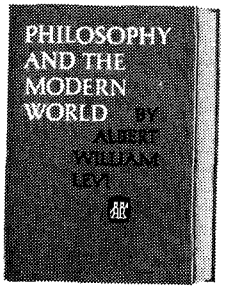

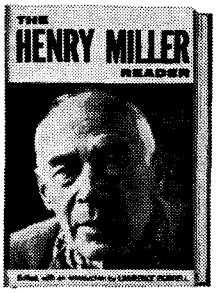

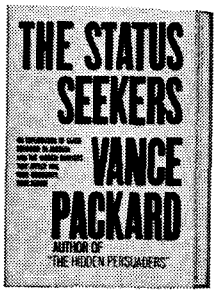

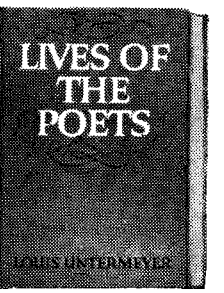

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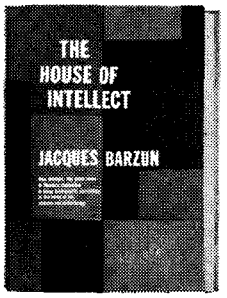

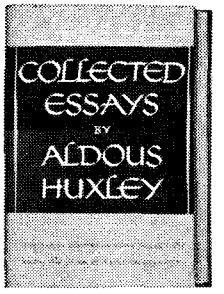

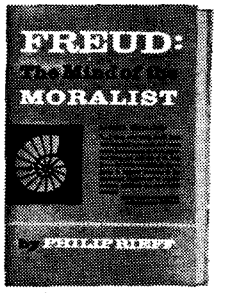

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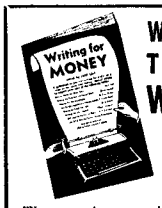

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THE SOFT LIFE

ERIC SEVAREID

LONDON

The news that citizens of the United States are wrestling with their collective soul is now getting some serious attention among fascinated European intellectuals. One school of them, chiefly in England and France, has been telling Europe for years that America has become a tinny carnival of comfort, empty of purpose, giving no thought to the morrow. Now that the American popular press has taken up the same theme, the aforementioned Europeans feel both gratification—"we told you so"—and private chagrin that their monopoly of the theme is ended. Actually, worry that America is losing its sense of moral and national purpose has been a concern of some American thinkers for at least a decade; their difficulty was breaking into print, against the flood tide of published assurances by those who counted the new cars and concluded all was for the best in the best of all possible countries. Now that *Time* magazine, usually dedicated to the proposition that power, money, and success sufficiently fill life's Holy Grail, has joined the worriers, soul searching presumably has become respectable, even in the board room and the country club.

Those Englishmen who like to think of England as a wise and mellow Athens in relation to America as a Rome of sounding brass are very quick right now with the reprints and commentaries. The TV quiz scandals were highly popular in those circles, and even a book, in this case Thomas Griffith's *The Waist-High Culture*, won a place the other night on one of Britain's more popular and light-minded television programs.

TV scandals, juvenile delinquency, milksop education, things like the New York meat and fuel-oil consumer-gouging rackets, are symptoms of the American illness, but the big mirror that reflects the whole condition into the foggiest corners of thought is the example of Soviet Russia. The alarm bells are ringing and their clangorous melody says that Russia—disciplined, dedicated to social and state purposes—is going to tower over us one day soon as the world leader, both in national power and in production for living. The President answers that America's moral strength is its sure base of survival and pre-eminence; but it is evidence that this very moral strength itself is dissolving that disturbs thoughtful Americans and fascinates the European observers.

Maybe the rust has replaced the iron in the American spinal cord. We'd hate to pronounce any final judgment, but we thought it of interest to forward the news that a fair number of Russian intellectuals now feel the same way about their country, now point to Communist China as the nation of true discipline and purpose, as the people who may well outclass Russia one day.

The most vivid illustrations of this Russian state of mind have been brought to England by Mr. George Sherman, the Moscow correspondent of the *Sunday Observer*. Moscow today contains a good many Chinese students—intellectuals and technicians; and thoughtful Russian students who work side by side with the Chinese confess themselves both astounded and disturbed by the total dedication, total self-sacrifice, total belief of the Chinese. In effect, these Chinese behave as dedicated Russian Communist youth behaved twenty years ago. Recently, a common student enterprise of devoting a Sunday to the voluntary labor of rubbish clearing was staged at the university by a Komsomol group. Just two out of three hundred Russian members showed up, twenty out of twenty-two Chinese members; the other two Chinese were certified sick. In Peking each year's celebration of the anniversary of the Chinese Revolution is a solemn, serious matter, as November 7 always was in Moscow; now, in Moscow, the November 7 occasion is more and more an unorganized carnival of fun, with a great deal of drunkenness. Said one young Russian to Mr. Sherman, "The irony of history is that the more prosperous we become the more bourgeois we are; we love our comforts and we want more."

The passionate pursuit of material comforts may be a mass matter in Russia; concern that this will mean national slackness and softness, and worry about a future Chinese supremacy, are still confined to a few intellectuals. But in a real sense the similarity to present American concern is striking—worth a thought, provided it doesn't add more padding to the existing American sense of comfort.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

'PLEA TO THE PRESIDENT'

To the Editor: I am curious about what would have resulted had Mennen Williams waited to make his "Plea to the President" until he had read Marcus Cunliffe's review of Harry V. Jaffa's *Crisis of the House Divided* ("Mr. Lincoln Meant Just What He Said"), which appeared in the same (February 18) issue of *The Reporter* as Governor Williams's plea.

I agree that the President has the power to act. I agree that he should act. Governor Williams seems to find in a series of excerpts from the President's speeches some hint that he really believes he should act—and almost that he has "promised" to act.

It is here that what Mr. Cunliffe said is important, and I think Governor Williams may profit from such an analysis. Mr. Cunliffe seems to distinguish between a politician who believes in the philosophy of the idea of which he speaks and one who is merely moved to say something for its political effect. He also says that it is difficult to classify contemporary politicians and those immediately past into categories because we are too intimate with the whole of their personalities, while we may pass upon earlier politicians more easily because of a lack of this knowledge.

If we apply the Cunliffe approach to the excerpts quoted by Governor Williams, what result have we in classifying the President—sincere belief or political machination? Certainly our knowledge of the Eisenhower personality does not obscure the answer but leads to it. We can hardly expect these speeches to be more than the product of a ghost-writing mill which attempts to appease public opinion instead of to direct it. This concept has more concern over what the idea will do to the public image of the utterer than over any belief in the idea itself.

I doubt if the President will take direct action. In fact, I doubt his serious concern over immediate solutions to these problems. It seems that Governor Williams's plea will fall upon the deaf ears of a tired man often shielded from political reality and necessity by a nursemaid staff.

N. Eugene Hill
Hayward, California

To the Editor: I need not say that we fully endorse Governor Williams's conviction that the President could, by the medium of Executive orders, produce substantial improvement in areas of civil rights as yet inadequately covered by existing legislation.

Not only would such actions (including those recommended by the Civil Rights Commission) have their own immediate beneficial results; they would also serve as a powerful educational stimulus and as a challenge to Congress to proceed with its job of providing legal safeguards to enforcement of Constitutional guarantees.

John A. Morsell
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People
New York

ICE-CREAM CONE ON WHEELS

To the Editor: I do wish that Virginia Held ("Home Is Where You Park It," *The Reporter*, February 18) had lived in a mobile home; she might have been more perceptive about the character of life in mobile-home parks and the appeal of trailer living. (Only a small snob element resents the term "house trailer.") Her article smacked of a condescension that characterizes the observations of those who could not and should not live in house trailers.

She did not succeed in her efforts to find the trailer dweller's social slot. She was satisfied, I think, to peg the breed well below the mean in the social hierarchy. We are, I suspect, for all our occupational and intellectual diversity, a refreshingly independent lot; we could not have ignored the public frown otherwise. We are strongly individualistic too, I think. This partly accounts for the color and line in our homes that Miss Held accuses us of liking. As a matter of fact, my place does rather resemble an ice-cream cone. It is no more rococo, however, than the average auto that graces the driveways of Mr. and Mrs. Mass America.

T. Deahl
Krestwood Trailer Park
Minneapolis

TONGUES OF MEN AND OF MONSTERS

To the Editor: Nothing that George Steiner says about the infection of our language by Nazi vulgarisms ("The Hollow Miracle—Notes on the German Language," *The Reporter*, February 18) has not been said before—and much better, because with love for the tortured language, not with spitting hatred to the people who speak it. Thus for instance by my eminent and internationally respected friend W. E. Süskind of the newspaper I represent; in his writings after the war this purist of the language and extremely sensitive German liberal has succeeded in crucifying, at least among his well-educated readers, a whole series of "Nazisms." The postwar German generation has been working hard to undo Nazi horrors, and it takes time. That goes also for the language.

We have no Thomas Manns today and no Kafkas. But did the pure beauty of Lermontov's and Pushkin's Russian prevent Communism or slave-labor camps in Siberia? If I am not wrong, William Faulkner's brilliant writings did not stop American juvenile delinquency, and Sinclair Lewis did not prevent the Hiroshima bomb. Why, then, assume that the German language offered itself to Nazi crime because it had the word "*Gemütlichkeit*"—or how about English and McCarthy? Oh no, Mr. Steiner, you can't bury a language so easily and on political grounds. Every language is understood, spoken, and acted by every people in a million different ways.

Walter Gong
Washington Correspondent
Süddeutsche Zeitung, Munich

To the Editor: Mr. Steiner's article is very interesting, especially for German readers. There is much bitter truth and I am sorry to say much bitter hate in it. For the truth we shall be thankful and for the hate we have to find understanding. But we must resent any attitude such as "we are more literate than you" as it is applied to nations. Such attitudes, I hoped, had died with Hitler. For this reason I must protest, no matter from what direction or in whatever connection it may come. I know from my own experience the darkness in Hitler's Reich and I know what Germany has lost. Mr. Steiner's article brought all this vividly back to my memory.

Still there was more. I saw how another blood-stained flag was raised over the rubble of a decaying part of Europe and I saw the conditions that followed the Red Army. We must not forget both! We should remember that Nazism and Communism are not the products of criminally inclined nations or of inferior races. They are, even if we don't admit it, distilled out of all our mistakes and shortcomings.

Felix Stein
New York

OFF-BEAT OPERA

To the Editor: I read Roland Gelatt's article on the American Opera Society ("Mr. Oxenburg's Off-Beat Operas," *The Reporter*, January 21) with great interest and complete approval.

Since conventional opera houses such as the Metropolitan almost by definition must—alas—limit themselves almost entirely to the standard repertory, the production of more outlandish operas becomes an important task that somebody else has to carry out. The reason for the neglect of these works in the regular opera houses being largely economic, since they would not be good for a sufficient number of performances each season, a concert kind of presentation would seem to be the correct solution for the revival of those off-the-beaten-track works.

In this field, the American Opera Society has done outstanding and trailblazing work, and I for one earnestly hope that they will long continue to do so.

John Gutman, Assistant Manager
Metropolitan Opera Association
New York

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Acrostician—

(Governor Nelson)
ROCKEFELLER

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONCE AGAIN the Negro problem presses upon us—upon the whole nation and not just the South—and we are inclined to face it without any fatalistic pessimism, since we are convinced that every round in the struggle for Negro equality has brought definite gains. This is the position **Max Ascoli** takes in his editorial. It is not based on any belief in the inevitability of progress but on the fact that the Negro is on the move and that the spirit of America makes it imperative that he advance. The battle for freedom and equality can never be fought on all fronts at once; in our time and country it is being waged for the extension of political freedom and civic rights for Negroes. . . . But of course the Southern politicians, even the most liberal-minded, are caught in a trap. Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** a native of Alabama, describes the mood among Southern politicians of both the extremist and the moderate variety. . . . The Negro's upsurge against tokenism has now affected cities with established reputations for commendable race relations. **David Halberstam,** a Harvard graduate and a journalist with the Nashville *Tennessean,* sends us an account of what went on in Nashville, Tennessee, the town incidentally where Kasper is in jail. . . . The use the Northern Negro makes of his political rights is analyzed by **James Q. Wilson,** an instructor at the University of Chicago, who shows how the rules of the political game in various communities determine the advantages the Negro can hope to win.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S memoirs are written in a spirit of self-defense, but their importance transcends any question of persons: the West is still living under the impact of what happened at Suez. **Theodore Draper** is an associate editor of *The Reporter.* . . . There still are rumblings and threats of war on the Sinai Peninsula, according to the report of **Gordon Shepherd,** Central European correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph.* . . . **Gilberto Freyre,** who writes about his country's new capital, Brasilia, is one of Brazil's most eminent citizens and a sociologist of towering reputation throughout the Americas. . . . The troubles that Governor G. Mennen Williams has been having for so long a time with the Michigan legislature prompted us to ask for a report on the mess from **Judith Laikin,** who writes a column of foreign news analysis for the Detroit *Free Press* and the Toledo *Blade.*

LONG AFTER man gave up his search for the philosopher's stone that would change lead into gold, he clung to the hope that one day he would discover in mathematics a master formula that would explain the whole of creation. Today, as **David Bergamini** shows, this hope has faded into the distant future with the advent of the huge complications of modern scientific thought. There is, however, the question of how laymen—and this includes the senators to whom our scientists must try to explain their problems—can be expected to understand important ideas so new that even the scientists themselves do not yet appreciate them fully. Mr. Bergamini is a science writer and the author of a novel to be published this year by Simon and Schuster. . . . No essential connection links jazz to rooms filled with marijuana smoke. Sometimes it can sound even cooler in the fresh air of Rhode Island. **Nat Hentoff,** our regular contributor on these matters, is co-author of *The Jazz Makers* (Grove paperback). . . . Lest admirers of her articles on New York should wonder whether she has renounced the theater in favor of walks in Central Park, etc., **Marya Mannes** returns in this issue to her old haunts along Broadway. . . . Every day the poorest-paid and hardest-working editorial staff in Paris turns out a newspaper at an out-of-date plant in the rue des Italiens. But there is more to the story than that, for the newspaper is *Le Monde,* the Parisian equivalent of the *Timeses* of London and New York. **Joseph Kraft** is a free-lance writer. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith** has found Professor C. Northcote Parkinson's second law somewhat less amusing and considerably less defensible than his first. Professor Galbraith's own newest book, *The Liberal Hour,* will be published by Houghton Mifflin this summer; Professor Parkinson take note. . . . **Michael Harrington** is co-editor of *Labor in a Free Society: Arden House Symposium of Trade Unionism* (University of California Press). . . . **Jay Jacobs** is an artist and *Reporter* movie reviewer. . . . The spirited debate about **George Steiner's** recent meditations on the German language continues in our Correspondence columns. Meanwhile Mr. Steiner turns his attention to the English Establishment.

Our cover is by **Guy Dolen.**

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Up From Tokenism

A CENTURY has passed since Fort Sumter, and the aftermath of the Civil War is still with us. This is perhaps why Abraham Lincoln has a unique position among great American Presidents: the nation has never stopped needing him. Because of Lincoln, no attempt at secession is even remotely conceivable; and the peace that did not come after Appomattox will finally be reached if the present and future leaders of our nation have the patience, the decisiveness, the total dedication to duty that were Lincoln's.

It will still take time. The healing process, no matter how slow and halting, has been going on uninterruptedly. In 1901, Booker T. Washington wrote his *Up From Slavery*. Now there are large sections of the South where the Negro citizens have decided that token integration in the schools and other public facilities is not enough. They want to move up from tokenism. Tokenism is symbolic compliance made persuasive with a minimum of physical reality. The compliance is to the will of the Federal courts in the specific situations and localities where this will has made itself so compelling that it cannot be nullified by local resistance. But the very decisions of the courts, even where symbolically complied with, are of a token nature, still unheeded by the South as a whole.

THE NEGRO UPSURGE against tokenism is entirely spontaneous, self-generating, and, as far as one can judge, leaderless. It expresses itself in the mystical, semi-Christian, semi-Gandhian language of Martin Luther King, and it is so passionate that it may well make much harder the attainment of token integration in those broad Southern areas where even a symbolic measure of equality is still a dream. Yet the Negro movement is not likely to be stopped by mass arrests or mass violence.

To the believers in white supremacy, anti-tokenism is a vindication of all their prejudices and fears. This, they say, is what is bound to happen if you give an inch to the Negroes and fail to keep them in their place. These distraught people want to have the principle of racial inequality enforced by their own local or state laws; they dread and hate any measure of equality imposed by Federal laws. They act like those frenzied prohibitionists who fought to maintain the Eighteenth Amendment as if repeal meant compulsory drunkenness.

Whenever the citizens' freedoms are the object of debate, whenever whole groups of citizens are deprived of any rights, then nightmarish fears are likely to obfuscate the intelligence of men. So, a demand for a fuller measure of integration in the public schools, or for the full enjoyment of a milk shake at a five-and-ten counter, comes to be interpreted in the South as an attack on white womanhood.

In a free society the equal enjoyment of rights on the part of all citizens does not mean, by any stretch of the imagination, equal or identical use of these rights. This all of us are always apt to forget. Only in a totalitarian state does the right to vote compel all citizens to go to the polls and cast the same ballot—or else. In a free community like ours, a right is a specific capacity to act that a citizen can honor, if he feels so inclined, by being inactive or just plain lazy.

A number of misgivings on the part of the white Southerners and of delusions on the part of the Negroes could be avoided if only we were a little bit more realistic in our thinking about our rights. In this nation of many nations, of many religions, and of countless groups of all types, equality of opportunity works as an extraordinarily complex system of differential handicaps. What happens to the Jews is a well-known case in point; but to a different degree, with a different set of handicaps or preferences, the same is true about every group. It has not yet been settled whether a multimillionaire can be elected President, or, for that matter, a Catholic—not to mention, of course, a multimillionaire who might also happen to be a Catholic.

By recognizing how the enjoyment of rights works in our country, we do not draw the conclusion that it works perfectly. But we do say emphatically that it works; that the handicaps are, on the whole, slowly decreasing, and that the competitive races being countless, there are countless opportunities for choice and consolation. What, above all, is most important is that no disability, no denial of rights to any group, shall be sanctioned or enforced by public authority, for this is a threat to the freedom and rights of all groups.

UNQUESTIONABLY, a larger and larger number of Negro citizens are being admitted to the competitive use of their rights, just as happened to the Jews, the Italians, the Irish, and so on. The Negroes have still a very, very long way to go, but their will to move up is growing. The time is not too far away when the aftermath of the Civil War will be over.

Incidentally, since the nationalist movements started in Africa, our Negroes, like every one of our fellow citizens of any ethnic group, have proudly become hyphenated Americans—vicarious citizens of the now-free lands from which their ancestors came.

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Static Politics in a Changing South

DOUGLASS CATER

A FEW WEEKS AGO Georgia politics was given a slight stir by the leaked disclosure of a letter from State School Board Chairman James S. Peters to his friend Roy V. Harris, publisher of a weekly newspaper and one of the South's noisier segregationists. Peters was worried over the never-say-die editorials Harris had been publishing in connection with the court desegregation order now facing the Atlanta schools. The school-board chairman predicted a massive shift in public opinion "unless Herman Talmadge and his friends find a better answer to this problem than the closing down of the public school system leaving 75,000 teachers and other employees idle, and more than three quarters of a million children . . . playing on the streets." Peters warned that such a course might lead in 1962 to the re-election as governor of Ellis Gibbs Arnall, who was in that office from 1943 to 1947. Peters thought "our camp" should talk things over and find a solution.

Even though the irascible Harris promptly denounced his friend and rejected any notion of talking things over, the letter was considered noteworthy on several counts. It had been written by a reputedly canny back-room politician, a longtime supporter of the late Eugene Talmadge as well as of his son Herman. It was couched in terms of pure political expediency. Neither idealism nor even an overriding concern for public education *per se* marred the appeal to political survival. In a curious way, it registered some of the unseen forces that may be at work in Southern politics.

A great deal of the public dialogue among the Southern politicians seems completely oblivious to what has been done or is likely to be done in neighboring states. In Georgia today, one might suppose that the troubles Arkansas and Virginia have gone through have been for nothing. Before the September deadline facing Atlanta schools, Governor Ernest Vandiver seems even more adamant than Governors Faubus and Almond were in the face of similar crises. Listening to debate in Georgia's General Assembly, one might suppose that each Southern state is a little isolated, self-centered world of its own, segregated by its own difficulties.

During the session recently ended, the legislators refused to consider legislation to permit local option for Atlanta's schools. Instead they appointed a "study commission" to inquire into their constituents' views on segregation, and adjourned without a notion of how to avert the approaching showdown between the state and the courts. Under present Georgia law, a desegregated school would be cut off from all state funds. No one really doubts that any attempt at integration would rapidly lead to the wholesale shutdown of public education throughout the state. These are the desperate odds with which the state politicians seem content to play.

It is remarkable how static the politics of most of the South has been in the face of postwar economic changes. Of course most of the politicians have been highly successful salesmen for their states in luring industry and investment capital from the North. But they tend to ignore as much as possible the political consequences of economic development. Amid the turmoil of the segregation issue, they propose no solutions except bitter-end defiance. The politics of most of the South does not permit discussion of the advantages or disadvantages offered by the token integration of North Carolina. There is not even an open debate over whether Almond's decision to turn back at the brink of complete school shutdown in Virginia may be somewhat superior to Faubus's policy of rushing blindly over the brink. So far, the only course of the Southern moderates—and that voiced privately—has been to await the consequences of this desperate game of brinksmanship.

False Dawn

The return of Ellis Arnall to politics—he has promised to run for governor if the schools are closed—would mark an interesting turn of the circle in Georgia. Eighteen years ago, Arnall defeated old Eugene Talmadge in a surge of popular revolt after Talmadge's political interference had caused the state university to lose its accredited standing among the nation's institutions of higher learning. His victory was widely hailed as the dawn of a new era in the South, and Arnall added considerable brightness to that dawn when, in 1946, he brought forth his book *The Shore Dimly Seen*. Predicting a sharp rise in the national economy, Governor Arnall argued that more than half the South's trouble had been a problem of poverty, "of two races that must share half-a-loaf between them."

Arnall was by no means alone in

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his economic euphoria. The South was full of hopeful prophets in those days, many of them committed to the thesis that economic development would set in motion an escalator of all-round progress. Out of this renaissance, many confidently prophesied, would emerge a tough and resourceful breed of Southern politicians who would offer a hardier brand of liberalism to the nation. The national economy has indeed risen since 1946, but the results have not been those Arnall predicted. Even though industry and urbanization have remade the region at a rate beyond the wildest dreams of Arnall and the other prophets, it hasn't set off any automated political change. Arnall disappeared from political life completely, and in many parts of the South the so-called moderates had been driven into retreat even before the Supreme Court school decision in 1954 set political passions aflame.

A Tale of Two Cities

The supposedly immutable law of economic development proved to have serious loopholes. Take the plight of Atlanta, for example, which of all the Deep South cities has moved most rapidly toward becoming a genuine metropolis. Mayor William Hartsfield, a twenty-three-year veteran in city hall, has done a great deal to accommodate his increasingly potent Negro constituency and alleviate the tension points of racial unrest. Segregation barriers in the police force and various community facilities have come down without a flare-up. Atlanta's planning and performance in the housing field, according to the evidence included in the report of the U. S. Civil Rights Commission, is superior to most Northern cities'. The mayor and his principal associates remain unperturbed before the challenge of school desegregation next fall. Hartsfield argues publicly that a single day's shutdown would do irreparable damage to his city.

But Atlanta's present troubles indicate that racial tension is only one element of the forces in conflict; in the New South the loudest champions of states' rights are the most adamant opponents of according any rights to the cities in meeting their explosive needs. The race issue has helped tighten the yoke of rural domination imposed by Georgia's system of choosing its officials with counties voting as units and, in varying degree, by the legislative apportionment systems of most Southern states. In a bitter outburst before a local Rotary club, legislator M. M. Smith of Atlanta (Fulton County) pointed out that his constituency pays nearly thirty-five per cent of the state taxes but has less than two per cent of the representation in the state legislature. "Governors don't bother about coming to our county to run their races or about giving us back any tax money, or about closing our schools, or about telling us to go plumb to hell," Smith complained. "I wish all

of you could have been in the General Assembly for the last thirteen years with me and seen the bills that have been passed, aimed at my county."

ECONOMIC PROGRESS is certainly no panacea. It has apparently been a mistake to anticipate, as many once did, that urban-industrial growth would be the source of all political virtue in the New South. Clearly it matters what kind of growth. One need only consider the stark contrast offered by a city like Birmingham, Alabama, which is only a short distance behind Atlanta in population but a great deal farther back in political development.

Atlanta has become a regional center with a highly diversified economy and multiple ties to the rest of the nation. Its scores of branch offices and assembly plants have a high quota of white-collar workers. Birmingham, on the other hand, has grown up as a raw one-crop complex of coal-and-steel production. It has drawn large numbers of the redneck workers from the north Alabama hill country, who, having had few dealings with Negroes, develop fierce antagonisms and provide the cadres for the Ku Klux Klan and the more rabid Citizens' Council movements. Though the largest and most prosperous city in the state, Birmingham has been the most bitterly resistant to any change in traditional patterns of race relations, among the last to hold out for segregated transportation, among the first where demonstrations flare into violence. To those who gauge the Southern temper, Birmingham is regarded fearfully as a powder keg—although amid the general racial unrest revealed by the current "sit-ins" and the mass demonstrations, trouble seems to develop almost without regard to a particular community's past successes or failures.

Amid it all, Birmingham money, much of it from the North, has stuffed the coffers of the perennial crop of reactionary candidates who challenge economic liberals like Lister Hill, John Sparkman, and other members of Alabama's Congressional delegation. More often than not, their attacks have carefully avoided the economic issues to concentrate on the old cry of "Niggah."

The economic development of the South has brought new strains on the spirit of internationalism that has made Southerners a mainstay of enlightened foreign policy in Congress. A newly industrialized region, newly dependent on highly competitive industries like textiles, has shown tendencies to become more protectionist-minded, as a survey of recent Southern votes on the reciprocal-trade and foreign-aid programs will show. For the liberally inclined politician in the South, this has been an added hurdle making his lot even more difficult.

'To Live with Change'

The Southern Regional Council, perhaps the most perceptive of the interracial organizations involved in the Southern situation, concluded a

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recent report with these words: "To say again that these are times of change is trite; but unfortunately the white leadership of the South has hardly yet begun to conceive the dimensions of change, or to say publicly that the white people must learn to live with change, or to acknowledge that the present problem is to reconcile the Negroes of the South to their communities on terms of dignity."

It is a truly persuasive indictment. And yet it hardly points a way out of the dilemma of the Southern politician who, no matter how disposed "to live with change" he may be, finds that change has not greatly affected the political base on which power rests. It is almost too easy to argue that he should give proportional representation to those members of his constituency who are not yet allowed to vote. Many a Southern politician who has tried to do just this has found his career at an end. It also must be added that there are some areas in the South where Negroes have had little difficulty in voting but have failed to do so. One can excuse this neglect by citing the gerrymandering, the faulty apportionment, and, above all, the one-party system, which tends to reduce incentive for participation in the political process. But there is no getting around the fact that the Negroes' organized efforts have been heavily concentrated on winning victories in the courtroom rather than in the voting booth.

ONLY A FOOLISH PROPHET would attempt to predict in what direction the politics of the South will move. If anything, the shore is even more "dimly seen" than it was when Ellis Arnall wrote his book in the 1940's.

For the time being, the politics of moderation seems to have reached a dead end, many of its practitioners protesting utter weariness from their daily bouts with a problem that simply won't let go. A governor like Ernest Vandiver who shouts "Never!" can simply sit back and wait to see if history will roll over him. He can always hope that history may be slowed down a little, at least until his successor has taken office. And politicians of a more sophisticated variety like Herman Talmadge still offer hope to the bitter-enders that relief is almost in sight, that if they will only hold out a little longer the nation will be distracted by other difficulties. Of course these politicians only encourage acts of last-ditch resistance that make the nation even more concerned with the Southern problem.

Certainly the South is being hurt by leaders like Governor Faubus—as evidenced by the fact that not a single new industry was established in Little Rock during the two years of crisis. Sooner or later this lesson is bound to sink in throughout the region. It is abundantly clear by now, however, that neither the laws of economics nor the laws of the courts alone can codify progress. Even extending the franchise will not prove to be effective in itself, especially if it is met by more devices for evasion and deceit. The era of trusting in any one of these forces for change is over. Nevertheless, all of them together, used concurrently in a sustained effort, could have a decisive impact on Southern politics.

One thing is certain: the South will not stand still, even if its politicians try to.

'A Good City Gone Ugly'

DAVID HALBERSTAM

NASHVILLE

THIS IS THE CITY whose integration plan has been called a model for other Southern cities; where white mobs were quickly and cleanly handled during school openings, where Negroes have voted and enjoyed justice in the courts, where bus segregation was ended by quiet agreement between city and Negro leaders, where the racist demagogue John Kasper is now meditating in the county jail.

It is a good city. Yet early this month, in the words of a photographer who had just watched white hoodlums stuff cigarette butts down the collars of Negro college students, it was "a good city gone ugly." For the sit-in demonstrations of Negro students at a lunch counter have turned Nashville into one of the South's most explosive racial areas.

As I write this, a special biracial citizens' committee is trying to solve the dilemma, and a temporary cease-fire has been announced. But the damage is already staggering: city court trials have been a farce; seventy-seven Negro and three white college students were convicted and fined fifty dollars each for (nonviolent) disorderly conduct; sixty-three more will soon be tried; the original eighty have been rearrested on state charges; mass meeting of Negroes follows mass meeting; rumor follows bomb threat. And the end is not in sight.

For the Negroes have announced their determination not to pay any fines. According to Earl Mays, a student leader at Fisk University: "If they don't let us in down there at the counters, then they better have enough cells. They better have a lot of cells."

"Can you imagine what will happen if 150 or more Negroes spend thirty-three days in jail?" asked the Reverend Will Campbell, a trouble shooter for a national church group. "Can you imagine what it will do to this city?"

'The Subtle Things That Bite'

Nashville is not Little Rock. The struggles over integration in schools and busses were settled years ago. Ironically, however, that may be part of the trouble now. The battle, in the view of the white community, was over. Discussion stopped; white consciences were cleansed. Four months ago, when a group of Negroes requested a meeting about the lunch-counter problem, no one paid the slightest attention to them; a few weeks ago, when the sit-ins started, very few people really took them seriously.

The Reverend James Lawson, a thirty-one-year-old Negro leader of the sit-ins who became a storm center when he was dismissed as a student from Vanderbilt University Divinity School for his part in them, believes that "Nashville was ripe

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for this. Sure, the people of Nashville thought they were making good progress. But to a lot of us, to the young Negroes, this talk of good progress is sheer hypocrisy. The Supreme Court decision hasn't even touched other areas where serious injustices are overlooked.

"Progress has come," said Lawson, who spent three years in India and is a firm believer in passive resistance, "but it hasn't begun to touch some of the commonplaces of life that affect the Negro deeply, the normal but subtle things that bite at his internal life, that he feels make him subhuman." For an example, Lawson mentioned a time when he and his fiancée were downtown shopping and wanted a cup of tea about four o'clock. "It was such a normal thing to do," he said, "and then we realized it was impossible. That's why the Negroes were ready for this." The Negroes, Lawson went on, "are tired of middle-class methods of seeking our rights. The legal redress, the civil-rights redress, are far too slow for the demands of the time. The sit-in is a break with the accepted tradition of change, of legislation and the courts. It is the use of a dramatic act to gain redress." The Negro demonstrators carried printed reminders with them: "Remember the teachings of Jesus Christ, Mahatma Gandhi, and Martin Luther King . . . remember love and nonviolence."

THIS, THEN, was the feeling. But the feeling had been there a long time. It was the sudden expression of it that became significant. I remember a policeman who stood cursing all Negroes and Communists as fifty-six Negroes were arrested in the bus depot. Even as the last one was arrested, forty new ones arrived at the back door. "It ain't really them!" he moaned. "Where do they all come from? I thought we just got them all."

Whether the Negroes win or lose —here, in Montgomery, throughout the South—and regardless of how many are arrested and how many are beaten, the significant thing about the sit-ins is the emergence of young Negroes as active participants. For nearly six years, starting with the Supreme Court decision, little was heard from young Negroes in the South. Was it possible that the race question was a bigger issue on the Northern and Eastern campuses than it was on the campuses of Southern Negro colleges?

The Negro, according to the Southern myth, is content. Even the young ones. The myth has exploded with the sit-ins. For a week I have watched the Negroes at their meetings, watched them growing more

determined and confident all the time, surprised by their own strength. On the Saturday when eighty were arrested, they came in waves: the police would arrest the first wave, expecting to put a stop to it, and then came the second wave, and then the third. The idea that the demonstrating Negroes were like the Kasper mobs and could be handled with the same tactics (arrest a few, get a leader) proved a major miscalculation. While the first eighty were being tried in city court, hundreds of other Negroes gathered at the First Baptist Church to plan further strategy. What if the students at Tennessee State were expelled for their part in the sit-ins? "Then we'll close the school," said Willie Stewart, one of the leaders. "We'll all go out together. If we all stick together they can't stop us no matter what is handed down from whom."

Earl Mays, one of the original sit-in demonstrators, told me that the sit-ins marked the end of the young Negroes' passive attitude toward civil rights. "It's true we've been passive up to now," he said. "Up to now. But we are all dissatisfied with this slow legal maneuvering." Mays, twenty-three now, was eighteen when the Supreme Court made its decision. "I was in high school when that decision came out and I was like a lot of other young people: it came at a very important time, you know. I was very impressionable and I had a lot of faith. It seemed so very important. It said to me that this democracy works and that the things I knew were wrong really were wrong. And so I waited for them to change. But then there was all this dodging and skuldugging and hiding and then the young Negroes got the idea that it wasn't going to happen—or at least that it wasn't going to be done for us. That feeling has been there, but this is the first time we've shown it. This will mushroom. When the eighty went to trial there were 2,500 Negroes at the courthouse. We didn't have any rally, any pep talk, to get them out—they just came. We've got nothing to lose and we realize this is our problem."

City officials had calculated that the demonstrations would collapse because of the fear of arrest. But the Negro students, as Earl Mays said, have little to lose: no jobs, no position, no social fear of arrest. Thus they can stand up to the police. When the eighty were arrested, older Negroes tried to post bond. The students refused. "It was a revelation to us," said Z. Alexander Looby, a veteran attorney and patriarch among Negro leaders here. "Those kids didn't want to get out of jail. They didn't want to make their bond. They felt their cause and wanted to prove it. A revelation." The students, however, were finally persuaded to post bond pending appeal of their cases, but they have sworn they will never pay the fines.

This in part illustrates some of the difference in generations. "The older Negro looked only to the courts for help," said Rodney Powell, a student here. "While this community, at first, felt the sit-in was too radical and kept its hands off, once we got into it and they saw how we felt they supported us wholeheartedly. It is no longer just a student movement. It is a community movement." Because of this there was some protest in the Negro community over the fact that both Negro representatives were college presidents. The feeling was that having one Negro minister would have been more representative.

'Please Stop and Fight!'

If the students were a revelation to their elders, they must also have been a revelation to themselves

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when they ran into organized harassment from white hoodlums at the counter that Saturday of the arrests. The scene was Woolworth's, and it was an almost unbelievable study in hate. The police were outside the store at the request of the management. Inside were almost 350 people, all watching the counter like spectators at a boxing match. To the side of the counter, on the stairs leading to the mezzanine, was a press gallery of reporters and photographers. At the counter were the Negroes, not talking to each other, just sitting quietly and looking straight ahead. Behind them were the punks.

For more than an hour the hate kept building up, the hoodlums becoming increasingly bold. The crowd watched appreciatively: "Here comes old green hat," referring to one of its favorite hoods. "Looks like it'll go this time." The Negroes never moved. First it was the usual name calling, then spitting, then cuffing; now bolder, punching, banging their heads against the counter, hitting them, stuffing cigarette butts down the backs of their collars. The slow build-up of hate was somehow worse than the actual violence. The violence came quickly enough, however —two or three white boys finally pulled three Negro boys from the counter and started beating them. The three Negroes did not fight back, but stumbled and ran out of the store; the whites, their faces red with anger, screamed at them to stop and fight, to please goddam stop and fight. None of the other Negroes at the counter ever looked around. It was over in a minute.

West Is West

The police did not arrest the whites. Some say it was Woolworth's fault for not calling the police into the store, but the incident obviously reflected the uncertainty of the city administration and the curious position of Mayor Ben West. West, even more than Estes Kefauver, has been identified as a friend of the Negroes. Over the past six years he has carefully cultivated the Negroes and his reward is that in nearly any election within the city limits he or his candidate is unbeatable; the opposition didn't even run a candidate against him in the last election. But the sit-in demonstration put West on the spot and revealed one of the curious anomalies of factional politics in the South. For although West has strong Negro and labor support, he is also a tough machine politician with the factional support of wealthy Nashville businessmen and the Dixiecrat Nashville *Banner*. With the more liberal Nashville *Tennessean's* opposition, West could be through if the *Banner* drops him.

"Ben really got caught in this one," a politician told me. "It was a real showdown of conflicting interests. Here he had the Negroes pushing hard and expecting him to deliver on one side; and on the other he had the *Banner* and the moneybags pushing just as hard. I mean he was in a tough one—why, suppose Estes got caught in a dispute between labor and the Negroes. It's the same thing."

The store owners went to see West and asked him to stop the Negroes from even entering the stores. West refused. But he did back up the lunch-counter arrests. For the benefit of the Negroes he invoked his past support, his Kasper record (in which they are no longer interested), and his own belief in civil rights. To a direct question he said that he personally did not think it was fair to refuse a man a twenty-five-cent sandwich after that person had spent money in the store. While he and his aides continued to call for law and

order, West, usually a confident politician who leaves few decisions to subordinates, welcomed the citizens' committee to get the monkey off his back.

Like the *Tennessean* and other liberal white interests in Nashville, the mayor was reluctant to commit himself on the final question at issue: were the Negroes right? The far-reaching as well as the immediate implications of the lunch-counter question make it tricky. Besides the obvious conflict with individual property rights, it brings up several other problems. "I don't think many fair-minded people really object to the Negroes eating at the lunch counters," said one white businessman. "But this thing is touchy. If they eat at the lunch counter at Cain-Sloan, why can't they eat at the fine dining room there, and if they can eat at that dining room, why can't they eat at the B & W Cafeteria or any other restaurant in town? This thing goes pretty deep.

"Then you take this downtown area. We had to fight like the devil to keep it alive. Well, after all this fuss, if these rural people from out in the country think they're going to eat with Negroes, they may not come here to shop. They'll stay in their own towns and try some of these new shopping centers." He cursed lightly. "Damn those dime-store owners. If they'd only had the sense and the guts to give those Negro kids a ham sandwich that first day, then all this never would have happened. There wouldn't be this demonstration, not too many Negroes would insist on the right, and the country people wouldn't know it had happened."

But it's not that simple. If the Negroes had gotten the ham sandwich it would have been something else next: a movie theater, a baseball game, a playground. A continuing pressure seems inevitable. Not only have they fought hard here, but it has become obvious that they have become stronger day by day, surprised by their own ability to stand up. In the establishment of the biracial committee they have won their first victory: it is exactly what they requested originally. In learning what they can do in this crisis, they have readied themselves for others. At one of the student meetings, Willie Stewart told the other students: "We are like someone swimming this fifty-mile lake and we are exactly twenty-five miles out. We can either swim back twenty-five miles and be exactly where we were, or we can work just as hard and swim ahead those twenty-five miles."

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How the Northern Negro Uses His Vote

JAMES Q. WILSON

IN CERTAIN political quarters, one of the most eagerly—and apprehensively—awaited events of 1960 will be the publication, by the Department of Commerce, of the preliminary tabulations of the decennial census of the United States. When they appear, the first page to which many will turn will be that showing the size of the Negro population of Northern cities.

The great migration of Negroes to the North has been one of the most significant events of the past twenty years. In 1940, more than three-fourths of all American Negroes lived in the South. Today, about one-half remain: the rest have gone north and west to the great Negro population centers of Chicago (800,000), New York (nearly 1,000,000), Philadelphia (500,000), Detroit (450,000), Los Angeles (255,000), and elsewhere. The impact of this tidal wave has been felt in housing, employment, welfare services, and crime rates, but nowhere has its long-term importance been greater than in the area of politics.

From four Northern cities Negroes have gone to Congress—William L. Dawson from Chicago; Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., from New York; Charles C. Diggs, Jr., from Detroit; and Robert N. C. Nix from Philadelphia. Negroes sit in the councils of dozens of cities and in many state legislatures. Negro leaders are expecting to capture additional Congressional districts in the near future. Two in California, two more each in Illinois, Michigan, and New York, and others already have (or nearly have) Negro majorities.

The voting strength of Northern Negroes is relatively high. In 1956 it is estimated that three million Negroes registered to vote in the North, of whom perhaps two to two and a half million actually voted. The *Congressional Quarterly*, in the same year, concluded that Negroes held "the balance of power" in sixty-one Congressional districts in the North—i.e., the size of the Negro vote based on 1950 figures was greater than the majority won by the incumbent congressman.

Many Negro leaders view this development with satisfaction. At the same time, Negroes and whites alike see many problems arising as a consequence of this steady upsurge in the Negro vote.

Reward Your Friends?

One problem concerns the future of Northern liberals. In the past, congressmen and other elected officials from large Northern cities have been sensitive to the presumed demands of Negroes and other minority groups. In part this attitude stemmed from conviction and in part from a frank appraisal of Negro voting strength.

But as Negroes move into formerly all-white political districts at an ever-increasing rate, an effort is almost invariably made to replace the white elected officials with Negroes. Many white politicians, when Negroes enter their bailiwicks, often take firm and vigorous stands on civil rights and similar matters. When Negroes become the dominant group in the district, however, the liberal performance of the white official has been of little value in ensuring his continuance in office. He is placed in a hopeless situation when race appeals ("a Negro leader for a Negro district") override positions on issues. Negroes argue that such changes are justified by the need for direct access to government; whites, on the other hand, often feel they have been let down. "Why stick your neck out," one of them said, "if they will only chop it off in the end?"

Negroes themselves are split on this question. In Detroit, two white liberal congressmen, Thaddeus M. Machrowicz of the First District and John D. Dingell of the Fifteenth, were challenged by Negro opponents in the 1958 primaries. The AFL-CIO, a strong political force with many Negro members in these districts, fought to re-elect Machrowicz and Dingell. They won decisively, but it required persuading a large number of Negroes to vote for the white candidate against the Negro in the Democratic primary. The union leaders feel that it is only a matter of time before it will be impossible to hold the seats for any white men.

Systems and Leaders

How and when Negroes manage to win elective office varies from city to city. In most cases, getting in office is dependent upon the electoral system in the city and the nature of the party organization. Negroes rise more quickly to public office where the city chooses its officials on the basis of a large number of relatively small districts, such as wards, councilmanic districts, and assembly districts. Chicago, for example, elects fifty aldermen to its city council from small wards, the average population

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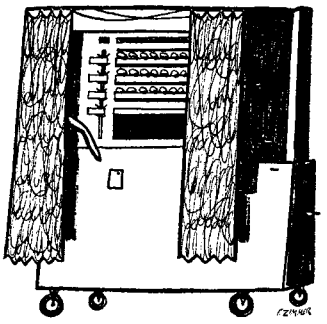
of which in 1950 was only 72,000. As a result Chicago, with a large and highly concentrated Negro population, had a Negro alderman as early as 1915, and now it has six. New York, with a larger population, elects only twenty-five city councilmen from districts averaging more than 300,000 in population. The result is that only one Negro sits in the New York City Council. In Los



Angeles, where the Negro population is proportionately nearly half the size of Chicago's and where the councilmanic districts are twice as large, there is still no Negro on the council.

The Negroes' entry into elective office is even further slowed when the city chooses its officials at large, rather than from districts of any kind. Detroit, for example, has a nine-man common council elected at large from the city as a whole. Although the Negro population is believed to be at least one-fifth of the total, it was not until 1957 that a Negro won a council seat.

Many city political organizations have come to realize that the growing Negro population is one of the largest and most dependable sources of political strength. When a party in a city like Chicago allocates the resources it has for getting out a big vote, it frequently decides to put them most heavily into the Negro neighborhoods. This strategy pays off. The majority received by Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley when he was first elected in 1955 came largely from the Negro wards. Today in Chicago and Manhattan, Negroes provide between one-fourth and one-half of the Democratic Party's majorities, and it seems highly probable that this proportion will increase in the future.

The possibility of sustaining a strong party organization, once thought to be a thing of the past, has revived with the influx of Negroes into Northern cities. Patronage —city hall jobs and favors—has lost its attractiveness to many of the older ethnic groups as they have risen in economic and educational status. Because the Negro is typically in an underprivileged economic position and because discrimination or his lack of training often excludes him from other job opportunities, he tends to regard such patronage as valuable.

THE DIFFERENT political systems in American cities produce different kinds of Negro political leaders. Where men are elected from a small-district system by a strong party organization, Negro (as well as other) leaders are often men like Chicago's aldermen—distinguished for their party regularity, their lack of interest in the kinds of issues that excite the newspapers, their devotion to politics as a career. Where officials are elected at large in cities without strong party machines, the Negroes who are successful often are not professional politicians and have achieved prominence in some other career, such as law, journalism, or civic work. They usually take a great interest in "newspaper" issues. Since they are chosen at large, they must be acceptable to large numbers of white voters. To become acceptable, Negroes must often display even higher qualifications than those required of their white counterparts. The Negro member of the Detroit Common Council, William T. Patrick, is an attorney, a graduate of Harvard Law School, and an eminently respectable and energetic man. He managed to get both union and conservative newspaper backing.

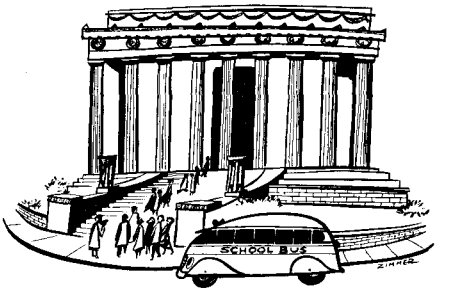
Of course, if a Negro candidate's constituents are mostly Negroes, the temptation is very strong to agitate race issues and "run against the white man" as a means of attracting support. Adam Powell in New York has found the temptation irresistible.

Strange Devices

Although almost no one will discuss the matter publicly and few will mention it privately, there is a growing concern among whites about the long-range implications of the Negro in Northern city politics. Some speak apprehensively of the day when Negroes will control the city council or perhaps elect a mayor. One Chicago businessman said, "When that day comes, to hell with this city; I'm getting out."

That day is not yet imminent, but there are signs of nervous anticipation on every hand. In some cities, changes in the political system have been made or proposed in order to curtail Negro political power and reduce the number of Negro officeholders. In Chicago, some have urged altering the old ward system and electing some or all of the aldermen at large. Other reasons for such changes exist, and fear of Negroes is not always the motive behind these plans. But to many it is an important consideration. When the Chicago Home Rule Commission proposed, in 1954, reducing the number of aldermen from fifty to thirty-five and electing ten of these at large, the Negro member of the commission, and most Negroes generally, opposed the suggestion because it would reduce Negro political representation.

Other cities have found it possible to make changes which, although prompted by a variety of motives, have had as an important consequence the limitation of Negro political strength. The Los Angeles City Council redraws its district lines every four years, and has done so in a way that places the Negro registered voters in a minority posi-



tion in any given district. Most Negro leaders publicly charge, and many whites privately admit, that this is deliberate gerrymandering to keep Negroes out of the council. Although Negroes number an estimated 255,000 in the city and perhaps twice that in the county, they have only a single elected official in Los Angeles—State Assemblyman Augustus Hawkins.

In Cincinnati, the repeal in 1957

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of the electoral system that had been in use since 1924 was closely linked with the problem of Negro political influence. Negroes number about one-fifth of Cincinnati's population, and under the system of proportional representation (PR) in effect since 1924, they had always been able to elect one or two Negroes to every city council. The PR system strengthened the representation of cohesive minority groups, and a Negro could win a council seat with as little as thirteen per cent of the first-choice votes in a typical election. Ted Berry, a prominent and vigorous Negro lawyer, was a councilman from 1949 to 1957. In 1955 he ran second in a field of twenty-one candidates, and as a result the council elected him its vice-mayor. In 1957 the city voted to end proportional representation and revert to a system of voting for individual candidates.

Although little public discussion centered on this point, there is no doubt that a strong undercover argument against the old system was the election of Berry as vice-mayor and the possibility that he might in time be mayor. Charges were circulated that a "Negro machine" was being built by Berry and that he was instrumental in encouraging Negro entry into white neighborhoods. After PR had been repealed, a new council election was held. Although Berry had the endorsement of the Charter Party, an influential group in city politics since the reforms of 1924, he ran fifteenth in a field of eighteen under the new election system. In 1959, with stronger backing, he came in tenth in a race for nine seats.

THE 1960 CENSUS will undoubtedly show great increases in the Northern Negro population over 1950. In some cities, like Washington, D.C., it will probably amount to over half the total. This will increase resistance from Southern Congressional leaders to "home rule" for Washington. In many wards in other cities where the exact size of the Negro population is now a matter of conjecture, there will be renewed efforts by Negroes to assert their claims to political representation when they have hard facts to demonstrate their numerical strength.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Legacy of Suez

THEODORE DRAPER

THE SUEZ FIASCO is history, but history that breathes down our necks, that refuses to let bygones be bygones. Since American pressure was largely responsible for the way the Suez war came to a halt, its peculiarly disagreeable denouement should haunt us as much as it haunts Sir Anthony Eden, whose political career it destroyed.

Thanks to the former prime minister's obsessive need to justify himself, we have been given a rare opportunity to take a second look at our own policy at this key point in our recent past while it can still do us some good, instead of waiting for the historians to enlighten our children about it. In the normal course of events, it would have taken Eden, whose career in the British government started in 1931, two or three volumes to get to Suez. But with the obvious intention of putting his version of the affair on record without delay, he chose to begin at the end, and *Full Circle* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95), his first volume of memoirs, deals only with his last seven years in office as foreign secretary and prime minister from 1951 to 1957.

Like most memoirs, *Full Circle* is self-serving, and it reveals more than its author intended. It is not distinguished in its style or lofty in its vision. It is quite candidly the case of Anthony Eden before the bar of history. Nevertheless, it gives a closer view of international affairs in the past decade than any book yet available or likely to come from so high a source in the near future.

At this stage, the search is on for scapegoats. Randolph Churchill's lightweight but not uninformative biography, *The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden* (Putnam, $3.95), which appeared late last year, nominated Eden. A book that shook the French political world early this year, *Secrets d'Etat,* by J.-R. Tournoux, a French journalist who was permitted to use some unpublished French government documents, seems to point an accusing finger at President Eisenhower. Eden himself in *Full Circle* clearly elects John Foster Dulles. Unfortunately, it may well be that all three are right, that there was no individual evil genius, that there was more than one reason for western weakness, and that different individuals exemplified it differently.

Pattern of Retreat

If we compare the Indo-Chinese debacle of 1954 with the Suez fiasco of 1956, the major crises refought at length in *Full Circle,* a pattern of retreat emerges. Secretary Dulles was an ardent advocate of forceful intervention in Indo-China. He preached to the British that the Indo-Chinese situation was analogous to Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931 and to Hitler's 1936 military reoccupation of the Rhineland. Eden, then foreign secretary, refused to be convinced, and solemnly warned Dulles that American intervention in Indo-China would probably start a third world war. Prime Minister Churchill backed Eden. Admiral Radford, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, backed Dulles.

In this dispute, the decisive vote was cast by President Eisenhower. Dulles delivered grave sermons to

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the British and gave vague promises to the French. According to Tournoux, who had access to the unpublished archives of French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, the French received two "verbal promises" from the United States, apparently for Air Force intervention if the Chinese Communists similarly intervened, and Dulles allegedly spoke once of even using atomic bombs to save the French fortress of Dienbienphu. But when it came to a showdown, French Ambassador Henri Bonnet, after speaking to the President, cabled the Quai d'Orsay that "M. Eisenhower, contrary to the views of certain of his collaborators for whom it would be good policy to take big risks, did not appear to envisage any intervention in the near future of the United States in the Far Eastern war." Bonnet also reported that the President believed that military action would make the Americans look like "imperialists."

Despite the President's private views, the State Department pressed for a policy of "collective action." In practice, Dulles explained to Eden, this meant a British token force for "moral support." Apparently it was thought that no one could conceivably associate the British with imperialism—or that there was no danger of British support, moral or otherwise. Churchill and Eden had written off Indo-China and declined to provide what they considered an alibi for a hopelessly inadequate form of American action. By refusing to give it their blessing, they provided an alibi for American inaction. Yet the question arises: if the stakes in Indo-China were as great as Dulles said they were, how was it possible to do nothing merely for lack of a British token force of no real military significance?

Both Britain and France learned that Dulles talked big but carried a little stick. Even when he was supported by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he could not translate his preachments into practice. He could only urge upon our allies a cause that he could not persuade the President to adopt.

TWO YEARS LATER, when Colonel Nasser's régime, which the State Department had been pampering, began to take arms and money from the Soviets, Dulles's reflex was again to hit back strongly by withdrawing the offer of American aid for the Aswan High Dam. At this point, in the middle of 1956, Dulles seemed to lead the pack in the chastisement of Colonel Nasser, and his precipitate action gave Nasser the pretext for seizing the Suez Canal in violation of the concession to the Suez Canal Company, which had twelve more years to run.

It is not quite true that there would have been no Suez crisis without Dulles's singlehanded action. The position was more complex. Eden makes clear that the British would have withdrawn their own offer of aid for the dam anyway, that Dulles informed but did not consult them, and that they objected to his timing and method rather than to his intent and action. Nevertheless, Dulles took the lead in his familiar game of brinkmanship without being prepared to play it to the end after our allies went over the brink.

At a recent press conference, President Eisenhower was asked whether he had been privy to the decision of Britain and France to "go into" Suez. He replied that "both Foster Dulles and I made a great—went to great pains to show to Britain and to France what we would do under that kind of, or set of, circumstances." Collectors of the President's press-conference prose will recognize what the British were up against. Dulles was less unintelligible but more devious. Early in his book Eden complains that his difficulty in working with Dulles was "to determine what he really meant and in consequence the significance to be attached to his words and actions."

For more than three months, from the end of July through October, 1956, the western allies talked and talked, and the more they talked the more they seemed to misunderstand each other. The President later reacted to the Anglo-French resort to force with such incredulity and indignation that it appeared as if he had never been given any reason to expect it. In proving the contrary, *Full Circle* is most convincing.

Eden reveals that the British thought in terms of force at once and made no secret of it. A telegram to President Eisenhower as early as July 27 contained the warning: "My colleagues and I are convinced that we must be ready, in the last resort, to use force to bring Nasser to his senses." And Eden, by then prime minister, advised the President that he had instructed his Chiefs of Staff to prepare a military plan. From this position the British never wavered, and when they broached the proposition to the French, they found that their Continental partners were even more determined and enthusiastic. Until some evidence is produced that the United States warned its allies in advance what its policy would be in the event that they resorted to force, American policy will not be able to clear itself of heavy responsibility for the mess.

The Quintessence of Dullesism

Why, then, was the President so shocked three months later by the news of the Anglo-French expeditionary force?

Eden discloses that Dulles brought a message from the President to London on August 1. He paraphrases this message to the effect that the President did not rule out the use of force, recognized that the eventual use of force might become necessary, but felt that every possibility of peaceful settlement must first be exhausted. Dulles's own formula at this time was: "Force was the last method to be tried, but the United States did not exclude the use of force if all other methods failed." Dulles also said: "A way had to be found to make Nasser disgorge what he has swallowed."

The British and French were not averse to trying peaceful means first, for one reason because they were woefully unprepared for a military operation and needed a minimum of six weeks to get set. In this period, until the middle of September, a conference of twenty-two powers

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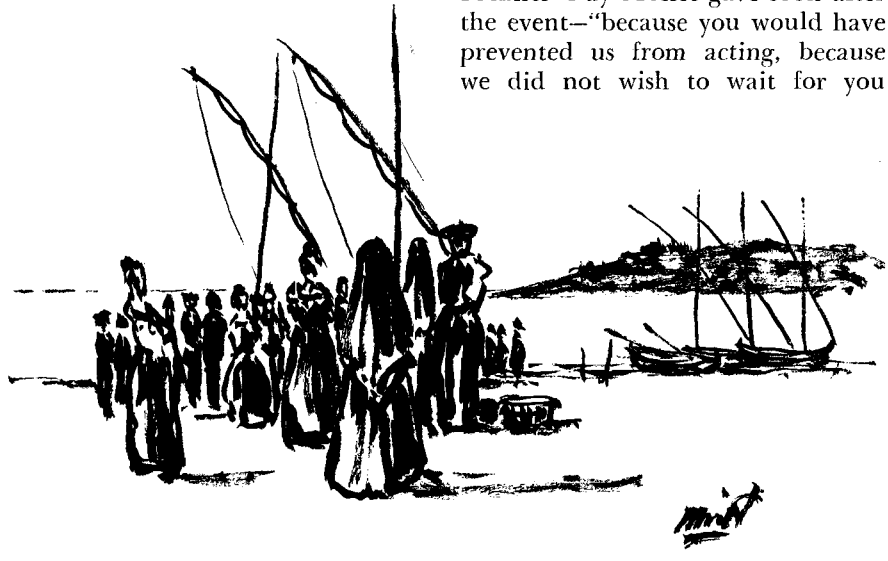
took place in London with no practical result, and the mission to Cairo of a small committee headed by Prime Minister Menzies of Australia failed dismally. Yet the British and French went on procrastinating for six more weeks. It was in these weeks that the quintessence of Dullesism was reached, and future students of that peculiar school of diplomacy would be well advised to pay special attention to them.

DULLES cozened the British and French into wasting time on a so-called Users' Club whereby those nations using the Suez Canal would organize to pay dues to their own association instead of to the Egyptian government. But Dulles gradually watered down the plan to such an extent that the club was eventually turned into a collection agency for Egypt. Three weeks were wasted in the Security Council, which could do nothing against a Soviet veto. Meanwhile, the Secretary of State had changed his mind about "not excluding force if all other methods failed." At a press



conference in the middle of September, he unexpectedly warned against "shooting our way through" the canal, and at another in early October he inferentially stigmatized Britain and France as "colonial powers."

Eden makes a strong case that Dulles bamboozled him. In fact, he makes it too effectively to help his political reputation. For it was perfectly clear by the middle of September that the Secretary of State had either been playing a double game or had changed his mind. The French saw through the Users' Club. Eden went along with it as "a means of working with the United States," which on his own showing was no longer working with him. In retrospect he has decided that the United States was merely trying to "gain time" all along. On this basis, it is hard to respect the bamboozled any more than the bamboozler.

In a singularly uncharitable review of *Full Circle* in the New York *Times,* C. L. Sulzberger takes Eden to task for "foolishly" glossing over a major point: "Why did England deliberately fool the United States during the fortnight before the Suez operation?" This apparently refers to what Dulles called the "blackout of news" from the British Foreign Office in the last two weeks before the operation. Eden actually devotes a paragraph to this very matter and clearly explains that the British did not wish to be deterred from action by engaging in further "palavers" with the United States. Tournoux cites the explanation that Premier Guy Mollet gave soon after the event—"because you would have prevented us from acting, because we did not wish to wait for you again as long as we did from 1914 to 1917 or as from 1939 to 1942."

A different question cries for an answer. If the British and French were so determined not to be dissuaded by the United States before acting, why were they so easy to intimidate in the midst of the action? Eden mentions as reasons for his backdown the risk of Soviet intervention, in which he did not believe; the run on the pound, for which he blames American influences; and President Eisenhower's intense personal pressure, which was probably decisive. It remains a matter of wonder, however, that the same British leaders—the French begged them to continue awhile longer—who knew American policy well enough to go to great lengths to prevent the President from weakening their will to action could not hold out the forty-eight to 120 hours longer necessary to achieve complete occupation of the canal.

The Burial of Brave Words

When Eden finally decided to launch the long-delayed Suez expedition, he chose a most unpropitious moment. It coincided with the ruthless Soviet suppression of the Hungarian revolt, which, instead of distracting attention from Suez, attracted attention to those features of Suez which most resembled the Russian action. The expedition took place a few days before the Presidential election, which, instead of preoccupying Eisenhower, summoned up the memory of the "peace" strategy that had paid off so handsomely in 1952. And instead of proclaiming their real reasons for restraining Nasser, the Anglo-French leaders pretended that they were merely concerned with bringing about the cessation of Israeli-Egyptian hostilities, a makeshift that made the whole enterprise seem disingenuous.

Eden passes lightly and equivocally over the details of the Israeli aspect of the Anglo-French plans, presumably because the French were in charge of that department. Some of these hitherto carefully guarded secrets have been disclosed by Randolph Churchill and Tournoux. Churchill claims that the French took the initiative about six weeks before the Israeli offensive by sending two representatives to Israel to propose various forms of French aid, and that the French-Israeli military staffs began to work together about two weeks later. Tournoux reveals that Premier Ben-Gurion himself came to France to plead with Premier Mollet to prevent the destruction of Israel. Tournoux quotes Mollet: "I will not let this crime be committed."

Strangest and most far-reaching of all, however, were the implications of the Suez affair for Soviet-Ameri-

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can relations. On the eve of another "peace and prosperity" Presidential campaign, it may be hard to recall that the Eisenhower administration came into office eight years ago to "liberate" Eastern Europe, to "roll back" the bloated Soviet frontiers, and to reverse the "sellout" of Yalta. Where are the brave words of yesteryear? Were they buried at Suez?

In 1956, Eden tried to use the same arguments with Dulles in respect to Suez that Dulles had used two years earlier with him about Indo-China. At every opportunity Eden urged on Eisenhower and Dulles the analogy of Soviet-supported Egypt with Japan in 1931 and Germany in 1936. Eden's critics have chided him for comparing Nasser with Hitler and Mussolini; they have ignored that his real analogy was with the processes, not the personalities—and the Suez process has not yet run its course. The parallel between the Eden of 1954 and the Dulles of 1956 is devastating, though the author of *Full Circle* gives no sign of recognizing it. Those who think of Dulles as the hard core of anti-Sovietism are in for a surprise; all through the Suez debate, Eden plagiarized from Dulles's sermons on resisting Soviet Russia before it was too late, but Dulles, forced to act rather than moralize, wasn't interested.

Yet Eisenhower and Dulles did more than follow Eden's earlier example of nonintervention. After the British and French had capitulated ignominiously to American demands, the United States chose to take the lead in the United Nations in condemning and humiliating them. A virtual Soviet-American entente sprang into existence for the occasion. Nothing like the same zeal was shown in the United Nations to get the Soviet Army out of Hungary, and nothing was done when the Soviets calmly ignored U.N. resolutions. American policy in those days put a higher priority on Suez than on Hungary, with results that Vice-President Nixon hailed as "one of the finest diplomatic achievements, certainly of our generation, and perhaps of all time."

President Eisenhower has held that American policy was "clear and firm" in the Suez affair. The evidence for this, as far as the President himself is concerned, must await publication of the Executive papers for this period. The President's memory of the events appears to be so uncertain that only an examination of the original records can establish with finality what he did or said. At a recent press conference, he cited a conversation with then Israeli Ambassador Abba Eban in which he had warned that American Jewish sympathy for Israel would not sway his judgment in the event of hostilities. Eight days later he corrected himself to say that he had made this remark to Secretary of State Dulles. What the correction is supposed to prove is not altogether clear.

There is, however, already enough evidence to question how "clear and firm" Dulles's policy was. At first he went on record that it was "intolerable" to permit the canal to be dominated by Egypt alone, and that he contemplated force as the last resort to make Nasser "disgorge." He then led Britain and France up hill and down dale, exhausting all other resorts, after which he turned on them for using force and made *them* disgorge.

Yet Dulles may have been troubled by his own handiwork. In the last stage of the Suez crisis, he was stricken ill and day-to-day policy was taken over by President Eisenhower and Under Secretary Herbert Hoover, Jr. Eden states that Dulles, during his recovery, "deplored" to British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd "that we had not managed to bring Nasser down and declared that he must be prevented from getting away with it." Tournoux relates that Dulles, after his recovery, told French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau: "If we had to do it over again, believe me that we would act differently."

Thus there is some reason to believe that Secretary Dulles did not have the free hand in foreign policy popularly attributed to him. In both the Indo-China and Suez episodes he took an initially strong stand, then backed down, and finally let it be known that his heart wasn't in it. While he thoroughly confused and misled our chief allies, the President made the final decisions.

The most intriguing theory to explain Secretary Dulles's double talk has been contributed by President Eisenhower. At a recent press conference, the President suggested that Dulles "could very well talk about possibilities" that the British might have "considered proposals when they were not meant [as] that at all." Evidently the President did not take Dulles's words as seriously as some of our allies did.

Where We Failed

The trouble is that there was more than one crisis over Suez. There was the crisis of Britain and France to save the remnants of a position in the Middle East they had inherited from the past. There was the crisis of Israel fighting for its very existence. There was the crisis of the United Nations to preserve peace and maintain respect for international agreements. There was the crisis of Nasser's Egypt to push ahead with its aggressive nationalistic expansion in the Arab world. There was the crisis of post-Stalinist Russia to make the most of its opportunities with the minimum of risk.

American policy simplified this many-sided, explosive situation into

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a one-dimensional, short-lived crusade against Anglo-French "colonialism."

It compounded the mistakes of Britain and France by refusing to make any effort to salvage anything useful from the wreckage.

It agreed in principle with Eden's objective but boggled at his means without proposing any other means that might have pumped life into the principle.

It chose to focus attention on the expiring colonialism of Britain and France instead of on the dynamic colonialism of Soviet Russia, then at its most virulent in Hungary. (After all, five-sixths of the British possessions of 1945 have become completely self-governing and half of the remainder are well on the way, whereas the Soviets have not only held on to almost all of the imperialist conquests of Czarist Russia but have added 400,000 square miles since 1945 in the form of satellite régimes in Eastern Europe, dependent for their existence and survival on the presence or proximity of the Soviet Army.)

It rescued Nasser from ignominious defeat and thereby permitted him to continue receiving an even greater supply of Soviet arms, which have lately emboldened him to repudiate the 1950 declaration of the United States, Britain, and France guaranteeing the Arab-Israeli frontiers and vow to change those frontiers himself this year.

For our troubles, we received little credit for helping Nasser at Suez. Instead, as Sir William Hayter, then British ambassador in Moscow, has recently testified in an anti-Eden review in the London *Observer*, "Russia was able to convince almost every Arab that it was her rocket threats that had forced the British and French out of Suez."

Such were the consequences of a policy that started with a precipitate action to punish Nasser for taking Soviet money and arms and ended with a precipitate action to prevent the punishment of Nasser in collusion with the Soviets. Yet, after 650 pages, Eden only succeeds in convincing the reader that Americans have no more reason to be proud of their policy than have the British to be proud of theirs.

The Sinai Riddle

GORDON SHEPHERD

Jerusalem, Israel

Even when the tension in the latest Middle East Crisis was officially at its highest—with almost every available unit of the United Arab Republic Army massed in a broad pincer threat along Israel's northern and southern borders—there was little trace of excitement inside Israel, and none at all of hysteria. The only popular reflection I noticed during this period of the screaming headlines was a placard in the window of a shoe store on Tel Aviv's Ben Yehuda Street calling in large letters for "No Panic." And this, on closer inspection of the small lettering underneath, turned out to be only an eye-catching slogan to advertise the fact that the store's bargain sale would continue at the current cut price rates "until the last of the old season's stocks are exhausted."

This calmness, which seemed at times to verge on indifference, is largely explained by the fact that the tiny state of Israel was born out of trouble twelve years ago and has never known anything else. Its citizens remind one of those hardy peasants who live on the very slopes of Mount Vesuvius.

Moreover there had been an element of bombastic publicity about Nasser's military moves which, perhaps wrongly, took away much of their sinister aspect in the eyes of the public at large.

Still, there it was. By February 24, the strongest Egyptian fighting force ever to mass in the Sinai Peninsula was drawn up in full battle array a bare seven miles from Israeli territory. Between it and the Israel border stood only the handful of United Nations Expeditionary Forces sent to keep the peace after the 1956 Suez fighting. This detachment is of negligible military value and would be of dubious moral value once Arab or Israeli nerves snapped.

Together with the U.A.R.'s First Army, poised in Syria 250 miles to the north, Nasser's forces totaled anything up to 150,000 men—more than twice the regular first-line strength of the Israeli Army opposing it. In case of serious trouble, the Israelis could more than offset this numerical disparity by a lightning mobilization of reserves that would bring their strength up to a quarter of a million well-trained men within a day or two.

Soviet Hardware

What worries the Israeli general staff far more than the Arab numbers opposing them is the modern Soviet equipment that Nasser now displays. The three Egyptian divisions in the Sinai Peninsula, for example, are known to have some of the best war matériel Russia can provide, and some of it is believed here to be the best available anywhere. The armored division, the mailed fist of this force, has the newest giant Stalin tanks, supported by units of the formidable T-54s and well-proved T-34s. The infantry has Soviet machine pistols and the artillery uses nothing but new Soviet guns, with the exception of a few surviving British 25-pounders. Even the radar equipment and transport trucks are of Russian manufacture. This is the result of nearly five years of Czech and Soviet arms deals with Nasser, a process that by today has

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turned his divisions into a Middle Eastern version of an East European army.

Indeed, for the first time in their history, the Egyptian and Syrian forces are now approaching a state of completely integrated war preparedness. The picturesque but pitiful hodgepodge of British, French, Czech, German, and Italian armaments that I saw paraded through the streets of Cairo for Independence Day celebrations six years ago is a thing of the past. The Russians have not only provided the United Arab Republic Army with one set of hardware throughout; according to the Israelis, they have also made considerable strides in training Nasser's soldiers how to use it. Neither in armor nor in aircraft can Israel match these forces now ranged along its frontiers. What Israel does possess—and probably always will possess—is greater unity and efficiency, and far higher fighting morale. Yet, as one high Israeli officer said to me: "There is a point at which a heavier weight of steel will crush the stoutest hearts, as Budapest showed."

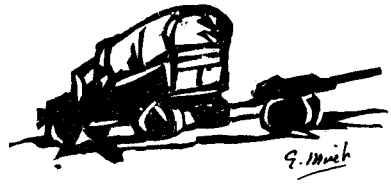
These facts are ominous indeed for Israel. They are also irremediable for the purposes of the immediate crisis, and the best the government can hope for is that the canvassing tour now being made by their veteran premier, David Ben-Gurion (which follows on soundings made by his deputy defense minister in London and Paris), may produce some up-to-date western arms aid in the not too distant future.

It is therefore all the more remarkable that both Israeli officials in the ministries of Jerusalem, who are fully aware of these unpleasant truths, and the amateur politicians in the cafés of Tel Aviv, who are dimly aware of them, are more concerned with explaining Nasser's threats than with believing them.

Cooking Stones

A whole host of theories has been produced here over the past few weeks to explain how the ugly situation on Sinai and the Syrian border arose. Among them, these theories range over the entire bewildering gamut of Middle Eastern politics. It is just as well that they can be grouped broadly under two headings, political and military.

The political arguments all seek to explain Nasser's advance against Israel as a parade of strength designed to cover up current divisions in the Arab world and to solidify his own foothold amid the quickstands of Middle East diplomacy. It is suggested that some such display was needed to distract public attention from the total failure of the latest round of Arab League talks in Cairo. These began on February 8, when violent skirmishing along the Israeli-Syrian border had already broken out. Both Iraq and Tunisia had rejected invitations to attend, thus providing fresh evidence of the hostility that divides Nasser from both Premier Kassem and President Bourguiba. Yet even without these two truants to upset their talks, the eight remaining delegations had achieved nothing of note when they dispersed more than a fortnight later. "We are still cooking stones," was the glumly eloquent comment



of one delegate as the conference neared its end.

The biggest stone in the pot appeared to be Jordan's refusal to allow any sort of separate national status to be given to its large community of Palestinian Arabs. Another dispute between Cairo and Amman reportedly centered on a new U.A.R.-Lebanese project for the diversion of the Jordan River waters.

In rolling the battle drums, it is argued, Nasser wished to do more than simply blanket the noise of these family squabbles. He wanted to demonstrate to the whole Arab world that he, and not his mortal enemy and rival, Kassem, was still the real leader of the Middle East—a Moslem paladin, appearing in new and shining Soviet armor to replace the old breastplates battered in the 1956 Sinai campaign.

FINALLY, the joint Syrian-Egyptian concentration against Israel is interpreted as an internal patriotic exercise designed to drown, in a flood of anti-Jewish jingoism, the quarrel between the northern and southern sectors of the United Arab Republic itself. This is an important but obscure factor. It is difficult to get a clear picture of the present friction between Syria and Egypt, and even harder to translate this friction into terms of a real threat to the union between them.

Israeli experts who have closely followed developments in Syria ever since its incorporation in the U.A.R. two years ago are convinced that a strong and perhaps growing mood of resentment exists against the "Egyptian régime." Its centers are the disbanded political parties (including the once influential Communists), the grandees who have lost their domains in land reforms, and the merchants of Aleppo who have lost their fat profits in trade reforms. Many of Nasser's former ardent supporters may now be feeling—like Austria's deluded Pan-Germans after the 1938 *Anschluss*—that they have been betrayed in their hopes of equality within the state merger, and are reduced instead to a humiliated and exploited provincial community.

Enduring Young Charms?

Yet, with admirable lack of wishful thinking, these same Israeli experts make two important reservations. The first is that though the Egyptian régime may be unpopular, especially among the former privileged classes, Nasser himself has largely succeeded in hypnotizing the Syrian people with his flamboyant charms. As one observer commented: "He has gone the way of a true prophet at least in that he is honored more in Damascus than in Cairo."

A still more important reservation concerns the Syrian Army. The same highly qualified observer's verdict was: "It is a generally accepted fact that Nasser rules Syria through the army. Yet this he simply could not do if it were an army of rebels. In fact, no Syrian officer seems to exist with the will and the power to conduct effective opposition. The Syrian officer corps has been bribed into complacency by being paid higher salaries than its Egyptian comrades. And anyway, these same comrades keep the Syrians under control through the special network of

(*Continued on page 30*)

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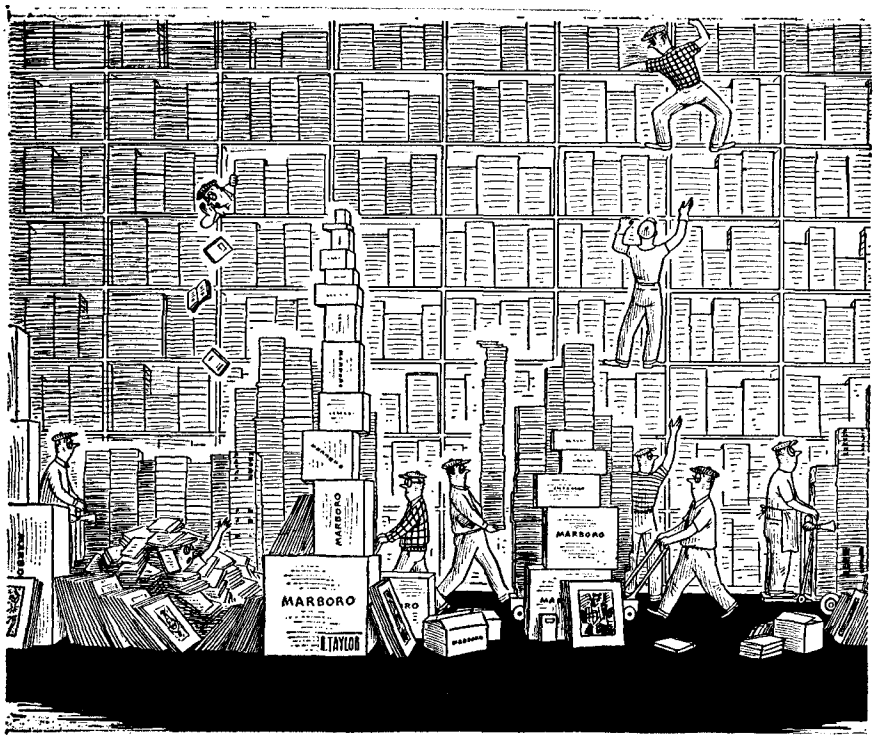

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Egyptian 'seconds-in-command' established throughout the Northern Army. The Syrian rank and file are probably better fed and better shod than they were, and that is all any Arab soldier cares about. Syria may not have been entirely crushed by Nasser, but for the moment he has squeezed it so tight that it can't wriggle."

Despite these reservations—or perhaps because of them—it is admitted here that Nasser would dearly like to be able to relax his grip on Syria in safety. The latest campaign against Israel could therefore also be regarded as the psychological preparation for such a process.

So much for the political background to the latest border tensions, as reconstructed mainly by the civilian ministries here.

Diplomatic Skulduggery

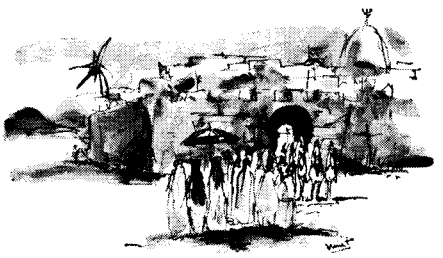
The Israeli general staff reasons along separate if connected channels. Its members trace the crisis directly back along a military chain of events. The first link in this chain was forged soon after midnight on January 31, when Israeli commandos launched a surprise raid to destroy the U.A.R.-occupied village of Tawafik in the demilitarized Syrian border zone. The subsequent links in this supposed chain are made up of various blunders on the part of the Egyptian intelligence service and, coming right at the end, a neat and deliberate piece of diplomatic skulduggery by the Soviet Union.

Like most things in the Middle East, the Tawafik affair meant very different things to different people. For the Israelis it was the destruction of a "camouflaged strong point," illegally constructed in the demilitarized zone by Syrian soldiers dressed as peasants. (Israel still claims sovereignty over the zone, while accepting its special nature, and felt that the time had come to administer a sharp rebuff to Arab "encroachments" there.) To the U.A.R., the Israeli action was an unjustified act of violence and a flagrant violation of the general armistice terms of 1949. This latter view was endorsed by the findings of an emergency meeting of the United Nations Mixed Armistice Commission, which severely criticized the Israeli raid after an on-the-spot inquiry on February 16.

But to the U.A.R., it appears that the Tawafik incident grew into something more. Though routed in the action, the local Syrian army commanders are known to have sent back glowing accounts of their "resounding victory." The falsehood grew in proportion the higher it was passed up the chain of command, until decorations for "Tawafik heroes" were handed out in Damascus and stirring accounts of "200 Israelis killed" (the real number was three) were officially spread in Cairo.

The Israeli intelligence staff knew from Egyptian headquarters documents captured during the 1956 fighting that misrepresentations of this sort were the order of the day for unit commanders and that they went unchallenged and even embellished at higher levels. It was therefore assumed that Nasser might easily fall a victim to his subordinates' lies over this particular action, and that in consequence he might truly fear a major Israeli counterblow to efface the memory of the "Tawafik defeat." The initial troop concentrations that took place in Egypt behind the Suez Canal during the first ten days of February were largely interpreted in this light.

But a totally new factor appears in the story on February 15. The



Israelis claim they have "cast-iron evidence" that on or about that date the Soviet embassy in Cairo delivered a spurious warning that Israel was mobilizing for war. Twenty-four hours later, Nasser ordered the general advance of his forces across the Suez Canal and up the Sinai Peninsula along three lines of approach to Israel.

There was bewilderment as well as concern in Israel over why the Russians should have made this willful move to worsen the situation. It could not be interpreted as anything else, since there was no activity on the part of the Israeli Army at the time that, by any effort of the imagination, could have led Russia's highly capable agents in these parts to send back alarmed reports. Then a second strange Soviet move seemed to clarify the first.

A week later, when the U.A.R. troop concentrations had been completed and the crisis began to assume international proportions, the Soviet envoy to Israel, Mikhail F. Bodrov, asked to be received by Israeli Foreign Minister Golda Meir. Later it was learned that the Soviet ambassador had made no reference to the critical position in the area. Instead, he had politely asked for Israeli support for Jiri Nosek, who is the Czech nominee of the Soviet bloc as the next president of the United Nations General Assembly.

A Russian Peace

The only possible conclusion was that Mr. Bodrov's visit had been made purely for the record in order to suggest to the outside world, and above all to Nasser, that Russia was the only power capable of preventing a Middle Eastern explosion by holding Israel in check. It was not until a day or two later that Mrs. Meir summoned both Mr. Bodrov and his western colleagues for the specific purpose of discussing the border crisis. By this time, according to reports here, the Russians had already assured the United Arab Republic that by their single-handed action they had brought the situation "under control."

What this Israeli version says in effect is that Mr. Khrushchev first laid a fuse to the powder barrel and then stamped it out, all for some good purpose of his own. When asked what possible advantage could justify such a hazardous game, the Israelis point to increasing Soviet concern about their capacity to keep Nasser out of the western powers' arms. American economic aid to the U.A.R. is growing. Britain has already re-established diplomatic relations in Cairo and France may soon follow suit. The Israelis argue that in order to serve his overriding Middle Eastern aim of "keeping the imperialists out," Khrushchev is willing to set off a few carefully con-

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trolled fireworks. Indeed, they claim to have evidence that Russia has played this identical game with Nasser twice before, the more recent occasion being in November of last year.

Whatever the neutral observer makes of all these theories, and whichever he selects as being the most substantial, two things seem clear. The first is that there are elements of plausibility in all of them and that the most likely background to recent events is therefore a combination of all factors mentioned—political, military, and diplomatic. The second is that, on any of these counts, it is highly unlikely that Nasser will launch a deliberate attack against Israel. If he wanted just a military parade, he has now had it. If Russia wanted to maneuver him into greater dependence, it has done so and can gain nothing more by drastic methods.

The Israeli view of the situation is that the three divisions now poised against them in Sinai should begin to thin out appreciably once Nasser has ended his prolonged propaganda tour of Syria. It is expected here that substantial U.A.R. forces will remain on the peninsula, perhaps to support a revival of the pre-Suez Fedayeen border raids. (These have already started up again on a minor scale.) This is a great deterioration from the peaceful frontier position in the south over the past three years during which there was nothing much in the Sinai Desert but the U.N.E.F. and the sand dunes. But this is still a long way short of war.

THE READER may well have the feeling, as I did, that there must be some more simple and direct explanation of Nasser's recent actions. Nasser's own lack of confidence could provide such an explanation. Despite his material superiority, he still seems genuinely afraid of the Israeli Army. And despite all his confident self-advertisement, he still seems genuinely nervous about his own status and future in the Arab world. With a dictator, such fear and nervousness easily explain all the rest. It is human factors of this sort that are apt to spark the explosion in the Middle East if and when it comes.

A Brazilian's Critique of Brasilia

GILBERTO FREYRE

FOR MOST foreigners the word "Brazil" immediately suggests either coffee or the music of Villa-Lobos. But now, especially since President Eisenhower's trip, there is apt to be a third association. Like coffee it is important to Brazil's economy, and yet like music it is also a matter of aesthetics: it is Brasilia, the country's new inland capital now rising from the plains with astonishing speed.

Brasilia, six hundred miles from the sea in the geographic center of the country, is not being allowed to sprawl out anarchically according to the whim of individuals, like most old-fashioned pioneer cities. Instead, it has been boldly and systematically planned by a kind of architectural dictatorship.

President Juscelino Kubitschek's personal enthusiasm is largely responsible for the Brasilia project. Besides erecting a showplace, he wishes to create a new economic frontier for the country and to establish a closer and more dynamic relationship between its populated and unpopulated regions. It took a man of courage as well as vision to do what he has done. For he had to pit himself against the inertia of many of his conservative countrymen as well as the comfortable habits of bureaucrats accustomed to the seashore at Rio de Janeiro. The rustic interior of Brazil is usually dismissed as just so much tropical landscape dotted with a few Indian tribes to be remembered in patriotic orations as the "real Brazilians," always available to missionaries and tourists.

The idea of Brasilia so fascinated President Kubitschek—the grandson of an Austrian Slav who founded a Brazilian family—that he and his followers in the National Congress decided in 1956 to get started on the new capital at once. Then two outstanding Brazilian architects, Lucio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer, were given full powers to build the capital. Costa's plan won out in an open competition judged by an eminent international jury; Niemeyer was given the task of designing the public buildings and of passing on all other projects.

These two exceptionally capable men have an opportunity probably unique in the history of architecture. They have full authority to do anything they want as well as vast resources at their command. Yet in some instances they have ignored even the problems generated by the fact that Brasilia is located in the tropics. They have also disregarded, I regret to say, the fact that we live in a period of rapid social transition and technological change and that much of what they are building will soon be obsolete. Both architects are left-wing socialists, but their political inclination does not seem to have interfered with their aesthetics.

What Price Beauty?

Since they are indeed specialists in sculptural architecture and two of the greatest artists not only of the Americas but of the world, they are creating masterpieces of plastic beauty on a monumental scale. The presidential palace of the new capital of Brazil is surely one of those masterpieces. It is like a jewel under the tropical sun, unique in its forms: so light that it gives the impression of floating in tropical air, yet sublimely indifferent to tropical soil, tropical vegetation, and even tropical climate. Its functional weakness as a building in the tropics is obvious: not only does it absorb too much heat during the day—this could be overcome by technical devices—but too much light pours into it, making it extremely uncomfortable. When I visited Brasilia some time ago, I was told that Mrs. Kubitschek and her daughters were making many changes in the presidential palace to protect themselves, in the old and wise Moorish tradition, against tropical excesses of sunshine and light. Changes like these will probably take place all over Brasilia as soon as the heroic phase of the actual building is over.

The apartment houses now being built for public officials have still more serious defects. They fail to

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provide adequate privacy for those who will live in them; furthermore, it has been charged that rooms for domestic help in these apartment houses are little better than prison cells.

THE ARCHITECTS have undoubtedly created great beauty in Brasilia. And yet, preoccupied as they were with pure aesthetics, they sometimes ignored functional purposes—at first, for example, they failed to provide adequate space for schools! Mistakes like these could make Brasilia a monumental cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

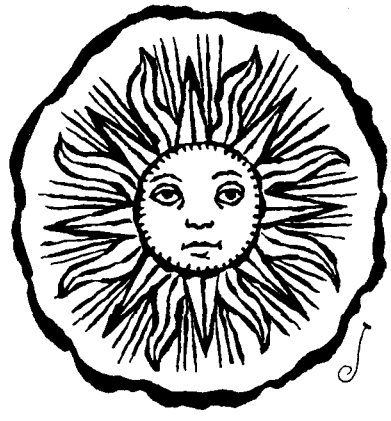
In building a new capital deep in the interior of a tropical country, some of the mistakes might well have been avoided if the federal authorities or the architects had asked social scientists to collaborate. With time, automation is bound to come to Brazil, and this will give even more urgency to the present need for urban recreation. Social scientists, particularly social psychologists, could have brought helpful suggestions as to how men of predominantly European civilization can adjust themselves to tropical surroundings and climate. They could have told the architects that the old economic theory that more and more working hours are needed to increase social wealth is approaching obsolescence everywhere. When Brasilia is completed, ten or twenty years from now, work that is considered normal today will be superfluous. Then what? People will simply have to have more space for their leisure and for their recreation than the pitiable amount provided at present.

Built-in Obsolescence

Why should Brasilia, whose construction is costing the Brazilian people so much and whose architects consider themselves so modern, ignore the revolutionary changes in social organization that technology is bringing about? Why should these socialist-minded architects build a new city for an old-fashioned bourgeois order? In older cities everywhere, the problem of preparing people for leisure and of offering them opportunities for diversified creative recreation is being carefully considered by social scientists, hygienists, and city planners. Yet in the wholly new city of Brasilia, supposedly built to last for centuries, the problem has been completely neglected.

It is strange that such neglect should come not from a Protestant, Calvinistic civilization of Nordic Europeans who have been brought up for centuries in the *mystique* that work is virtue and leisure is sin, but from a neo-Latin, Catholic, Iberian people like the Brazilians who have always been criticized by foreigners for their disdain of systematic work and an exaggerated fondness for dance, music, and idleness. Now that technology is bringing leisure to modern man in a way never dreamt of before except by poets, men will have to learn how to use their free time from people like the Iberians of Andalusia and the neo-Iberians of tropical America who have developed pure leisure (or unproductive idleness) almost to a form of art. They should be able to train those brought up in the Calvinist tradition in the habits of leisure, to help them escape from what a Scottish sociologist called "the Great Emptiness."

That might be a mission for Brasilia: to be an ultramodern city where leisure would be the dominant note in the social atmosphere. Its people would have enough space to express themselves creatively in the arts, in religion, in sports, even in cooking and eating. Instead, the



seemingly extravagant abundance of space in Brasilia has been used in a conventional, cramped, old-fashioned way.

Even now, during the building of the new capital, recreation for the workers engaged in this tremendous task is being neglected. Their supervisors are overjoyed because the laborers are working day and night and are putting their savings into banks. Some of these supervisors seem delighted with the prospect that work will continue indefinitely and indifferent to the fact that most of the workers are not happy. Heavy drinking, crime, and the use of drugs seem to be increasing. A police official in Brasilia attributed the increase in drinking to the dearth of recreation.

Some of the schoolchildren in Brasilia were bold enough to tell me, even in the presence of their teachers, that they hated their new surroundings. Although the schools are clean and good, the children reported that there were no places for them to swim or to play and that they were not getting what they wanted to eat. The food provided is probably superior to what they had been getting elsewhere and their complaints are somewhat emotional, but nevertheless what they said indicates that there is already a recreational problem in Brasilia. And this is only one of the social problems badly neglected in the new capital.

A LONG-STANDING BOND of friendship links me to Oscar Niemeyer, and this led me to tell him of my concern over the mistakes I thought had been made in Brasilia as a result of one-sided, purely aesthetic, quasi-dictatorial planning. He seemed to be impressed by some of my criticisms and by examples I gave him of the co-operation among architects, ecologists, economists, sociologists, and psychologists in German and British city planning.

Yet I was amazed by his optimism. He told me that in Brasilia social adjustments of the kind that worried me and other critics would eventually be worked out in harmony with the new architecture. I consider this an example of the extremes that may be reached when artistic single-mindedness is coupled with too broad a grant of power, even when the men who make use of this power are such outstanding artists as Oscar Niemeyer and Lucio Costa.

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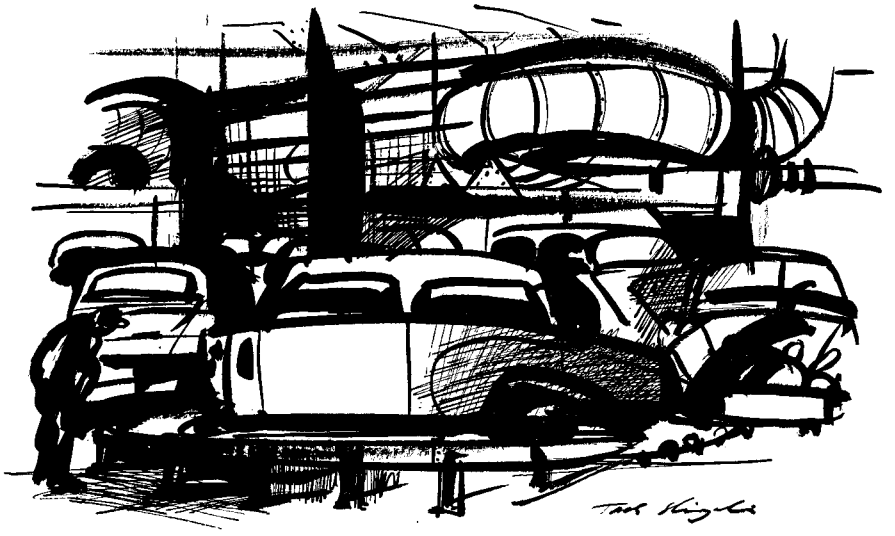

What Made The Mess in Michigan?

JUDITH LAIKIN

MICHIGAN is of course not the only state that has been having trouble making ends meet recently, but its plight goes well beyond the merely typical. With $55 million in unpaid bills and a deficit projected at $72 million by June of this year, there is no long-term solution of the state's financial troubles in sight. The tax deadlock reflects a political stalemate that has lasted a full decade.

While many of the state's difficulties are due to the same anomalies and anachronisms that plague other state governments, the basic cause of Michigan's troubles is peculiar to Michigan, namely, the existence of a single industry at the base of the state's economy and politics. Automobiles are not just Michigan's primary industry; they are the motive force of the parties. Competition for gains in the industry led both the manufacturers and the unions into politics, where they polarized the political field along labor-management lines, leaving the uncommitted citizen without any middle ground to stand on.

The Republican Party traditionally draws its strength and its finances from the Big Three automobile manufacturers. The automobile unions (which once considered working through the G.O.P. or starting a third party of their own) moved in on the dispirited Democrats in March, 1948. By virtue of mere size and wealth, the Big Three on the one hand and the United Automobile Workers on the other tend to obscure other interests that are allied with them in their respective parties. Each party has come to reflect almost exclusively the interests of its major faction, unrefracted by the competing and conflicting interests that jam the communications systems of parties of other states.

The unions and manufacturers have been able to impose their programs on their respective parties, investing economic goals with the appropriate liberal and conservative ideologies. Since both major interest groups are based on the same industry, partisanship takes on some of the characteristics of a class struggle.

THE HARMONY between big business and the Republican Party and that between big labor and the Democratic Party is as difficult to transcribe as the song the sirens sang. But it is not beyond all conjecture.

According to Wayne State University political scientists who have analyzed the record, the bureaucracies of the UAW and of the Democratic Party are interlinked, with a large number of individuals holding posts in both organizations. Union members staff a plurality of the state's urban and suburban precincts; and in districts where the union cannot name candidates, it is probable that it at least exercises a veto power. (Although, to be sure, candidates not endorsed by the union have run on the Democratic ticket and won.)

Big Three influence within the G.O.P. is less a matter of public record, since financial transactions are harder to keep track of than the identifiable personnel of the unions. Furthermore, the best minds among the Republicans are unable to get into public or party office, for, as in so many other states, Michigan's antiquated constitution keeps city dwellers in legislative thrall to the emptier parts of the countryside. This has the well-known effect of disfranchising urban Democrats; what is sometimes overlooked is that such lopsided representation disfranchises urban Republicans as well, forcing them into political alliance with the most conservative element of the population—the upstate farmers.

This gives the G.O.P. a harder shell of conservatism than some of its leaders might wish. It has also reinforced the programmatic character of Michigan politics. If there is any point on which farmer and auto manufacturer agree, it is that organized labor has to be gotten out of politics.

The Tax Muddle

Ever since 1949, after G. Mennen Williams was elected governor in the first upsurge of organized labor's strength, Michigan has had a Democratic administration and a Republican-controlled legislature. The House stands today at 55-55 and was organized by the Republicans during the illness of a Democratic member. In the gerrymandered Senate, the Democrats hold twelve out of thirty-four seats, despite the larger total vote rung up by their senatorial candidates.

The entrenchment of the major economic interests within the two opposing parties shows up very clearly in this stalemate. For the past decade, situations requiring action

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have found neither party willing to compromise its position. The most important of these issues is that of taxation, or lack of it, for it is the deadlock over taxation that has saddled Michigan with its present financial woes.

Unlike other industrial states, Michigan has no corporate income tax and no personal income tax. Its revenue is largely derived from a three per cent sales tax. Thirteen years ago the voters decided by referendum to divert five-sixths of the income from this tax away from the state government and into the school districts. As a result Michigan now stands eleventh among the states in its support of local education. Unfortunately, this arrangement left the state with very little uncommitted revenue just at a time when its population was increasing radically and when demand for services was rising geometrically.

Furthermore, the fact that the state's income is so heavily based on the sales tax makes the entire tax structure sharply regressive. As shown by the Michigan tax study carried out by the Conlin Committee of the Michigan House of Representatives, persons with an income under $2,000 pay out twenty cents on the dollar in state and local taxes as compared with six cents on the dollar for people with an income of $10,000 or more.

IN THIS SITUATION, the Republicans favor a one per cent increase on the sales tax, which, apart from running afoul of a constitutional provision against further increases, would widen still further the disproportion between the amount of taxation borne by the lower and upper income groups. The Democrats want to levy either a personal income tax or a corporate-profits tax or both.

The Republicans' one per cent increase was in fact passed last August after the longest and most bitterly contested legislative session in the history of the state. Immediately, however, it was challenged by a taxpayer's suit, inspired, surprisingly, by a Republican newspaper and encouraged, not so surprisingly, by the Democratic hierarchy. The supreme court in a 5-3 decision ruled the increase unconstitutional, and the legislature has now fallen back on a cat's cradle of nuisance taxes which will pull the state through the current year but which still leaves Michigan's tax problem as far from solution as ever.

The ten-year-old tax deadlock is the most calamitous example of the over-all deadlock in Michigan's industry-based politics. While the state's finances went from bad to worse, party lines hardened into immobility and Michigan's governor was blamed for what Michigan's legislature failed to do. The close link between political affiliation and economic interest practically eliminated the chances for compromise.

Get-Up-and-Go Power

There are, however, signs of a change in the political climate. The most apparent and the most far-reaching for the future of the state is that a shift is taking place in Michigan's industrial base, one that involves a slow decline in the importance of the automobile industry in Michigan's affairs. The movement is confused and the facts are not easy to interpret—they were made almost totally unintelligible during the gubernatorial election of 1959, when the administration was accused of driving industry out of the state at the same time that it was taking credit for bringing industry into the state.

Now that the governor seems to have been eliminated from consideration as a Presidential nominee, interpretation becomes a little easier. A recent report by Professor William Haber and associates makes it clear that while some automobile plants are moving out, other types of industry are moving in and still others are expanding. The report shows that over a seven-year period the number of Michigan manufacturing establishments increased by 1,400—a net gain of 13.2 per cent as compared to a nation-wide gain of 4.3 per cent during the same period.

On the other hand, it is obvious to the most casual stroller through the streets of Detroit that a large segment of the automobile industry has disappeared. Not so long ago an estimated twenty million square feet of industrial plant was standing idle within the city alone. The vacancies have been reduced by the wrecker's hammer and by renting some of the buildings to smaller manufacturers and discount houses at one dollar a square foot, but to anyone who used to watch the afternoon shift come off at 3:30 in the waves of vitality that personified Detroit, the sight of Hudson Motors lying in a heap of rubble over on Jefferson Avenue is not pleasant.

Furthermore, the factory losses that Michigan has suffered are greatest among those employing five hundred or more persons, while gains are being made in factories employing less than five hundred. According to the Haber study, 180,000 jobs disappeared from Michigan between 1953 and 1957, or two-fifths of the jobs lost in the nation's industry during this period. The Michigan Employment Security Commission reported 329,000 unemployed in December, 1958, and UAW leaders told those men with less than ten years' seniority not to expect their jobs back. A year later, despite substantial emigration from the state, unemployment was still 195,000. Detroit automobile production is near a record peak this quarter—but with 136,000 fewer men at work than made 1955's record possible. One out of three Detroit auto workers has lost his job during the past nine years.

Shifting Gears

What has caused this disruption of the industry that laid the basis for Michigan's wealth—and politics?

Local businessmen have complained that they are being hounded out of the state by high taxes and the demands of organized labor. It is difficult to see how the first of these charges can have any other justification than that it conforms with the peculiarly rigid lines of Michigan's political dialogue, for as we have seen, Michigan has no corporate income tax, and through franchise and other business taxes all business firms together contribute only one-third as much as citizens at large pay in through the sales tax. And even so, taxes are not especially high in Michigan. Michiganders pay an average $181 a year in state and local taxes, compared with $229.31 for New Yorkers and $237 for Californians. The Conlin Report states that "compared to wage costs [Michigan] state business taxes are in most

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instances at least insignificant if not negligible."

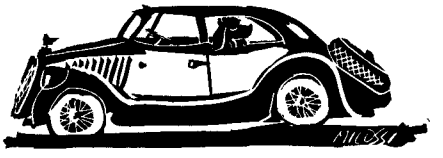
As to the complaint against organized labor, this seems to be taken more seriously by small and medium-sized businesses than by the automobile manufacturers, who have to negotiate nation-wide contracts and who cannot escape the attentions of Walter Reuther merely by crossing the state line. In the words of one General Motors official, "When we open a new plant, the union gets built right in with the plumbing."

The real reasons for the shift in automobile production are typical of any maturing industry. Their effect was magnified in Michigan by the fact that so large a portion of economic and political activity centers on one industry. The effects of obsolescence, for example, can be clearly documented in the case of defense production. Detroit was the Second World War's greatest arsenal. It was also busy during the Korean War—so busy that Michigan began attracting more immigrants than any other state except Florida and California. In December, 1952, there were 215,000 people in defense jobs in Michigan. By 1959, their number had dropped to 46,000. During that period the proportion of defense funds devoted to wheeled vehicles and related ordnance dropped from fifty per cent to sixteen per cent. Unless the United States gives up rockets and missiles for trucks and tanks, these figures will not rise again.

While the full effect of automation has yet to be assessed, it has certainly speeded the obsolescence not only of machinery but of entire buildings. In erecting new plants, manufacturers have considered the need to decentralize in order to be nearer the sources of raw materials and to have better access to expanding markets. There was always something fortuitous about the location of the automobile industry in Detroit, and today perhaps sixty per cent of automobile production is located beyond the borders of the Motor State.

MICHIGAN'S industrial prospects are not as gloomy as all this makes them appear. With 1959's spring elections safely past, the Detroit *Times* inquired into the business climate of the state and found that since 1957 no less than $3 billion had been invested in Michigan by such firms as Parke Davis, Hoover Ball and Bearing, Upjohn, Checker Motors, Bissell Carpets, Detroit Edison, and Michigan Consolidated Gas—as well as by the Big Three automobile companies themselves. It is clear that the dispersion of the automobile industry is being as least partially countered by a diversification of industry within the state.

Even the shift in automobile production is by no means complete, for the Detroit *Times* found that of the $3.3 billion the auto industry has invested in the past three years, forty per cent went into Michigan. Head offices of the Big Three remain in Michigan and so do highly technical research and development centers. Considering the technological advances that the Big Three have been willing to underwrite, it seems likely that at least some of the labor which was dropped in the great change-over may be picked up again but at a level calling for higher skills than before.



Middle Ground?

Whatever the prospects for Detroit's eventual emergence as the brain center of a decentralized automobile industry, the present fact is that Michigan's economy is changing and the old patterns of Michigan politics are likely to change with it, for decentralization of the automobile industry dissipates the base upon which the Big Three and the UAW polarized. Dispersal of plants to other states means less pressure within Michigan by union and management alike, and diversification within the state may provide the basis for a return to the pluralistic politics that are familiar to the rest of the country.

The breakup of the familiar pattern may already be imminent. Governor G. Mennen Williams, now approaching the end of his final term, has disconcerted both the unions and those who would like to pin a union label on him by displaying a taste for independent action. At the UAW's Solidarity House there is open disappointment that the merger with the Democrats back in 1948 has produced no social legislation superior to that which exists in other states. Once more some labor elements are talking about loosening their ties with the Democrats in order to gain freedom of action at the polls.

On the Republican side there is less than perfect communion between the auto manufacturers and the upstate farmers who support them in the legislature. The farmers are too concerned with their own affairs to suit the Big Three, whose interests are concentrated on the nation-wide market.

Moderates are rallying to two liberal Republicans, neither of whom is a professional politician. One of these is Paul Bagwell, a Michigan State University speech professor who came closest of any recent candidate to unseating the immensely popular "Soapy" Williams. Although Bagwell lacked the full support of his party for the campaign, Michigan Republicans are now resisting the pressure to get him ditched that is being exerted by Arthur Summerfield, a former Chevrolet dealer who in 1952 swung the Michigan delegation from Taft to Eisenhower and went on to his reward in the office of Postmaster General.

The other man to watch is George Romney, president of American Motors. Romney, who has created a powerful *mystique* in Michigan, has organized a nonpartisan and allegedly apolitical group known as Citizens for Michigan in hopes of restoring to the public as citizens what his compact Rambler car restored to them as consumers: namely, a middle ground.

SUCH A MIDDLE GROUND scarcely exists in Michigan today. It has been eroded by commitment to party and by the parties' commitment to one faction. But in the long run, the economic changes that have wrought such hardship on the state may provide the elements for a healthier political climate.

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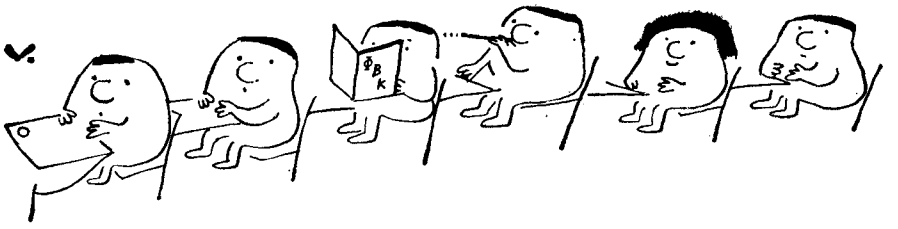

The Language of Science

DAVID BERGAMINI

"This is the only place I know where a senator can't ask questions." The irritation in Senator John Stennis's voice was unmistakable. He was being prevented from conducting an intelligent cross-examination—and not by some arbitrary rule of cloture or security which he could do something about, but simply by his own inability to understand what a group of National Aeronautics and Space Administration scientists were eagerly trying to explain to him at a recent briefing of a Senate committee.

The senator's exasperation was the kind of baffled feeling—a sense that one is either obsolete or the butt of intentional double talk—which grips many intelligent and educated people when they are confronted with the whirlwind developments of modern science. Of course there *are* scientists who seem to perplex people on purpose. Smugly inarticulate in their own jargon, they appear to have come into the world babbling differential equations and to have grown up without troubling to learn the language of other people. But these scientific snobs are—at least in my ten years' experience as a science reporter—extremely uncommon (and usually extremely young). Scientists who are good enough to have done something worth explaining are invariably eager to explain it, and most of them are gifted enough to do it lucidly and even eloquently. If they still remain incomprehensible, it is not their fault but the fault of nature for being complicated.

The truth is that both science and nature *are* difficult. They are as subtle as the most sophisticated philosophy and a good deal more disciplined. The riddles they pose can make the decisions of a stock-market analyst or a Secretary of State seem like child's play. Nor is this anything new. In ancient times the idea that the earth was round—springing as it surely did from seemingly disconnected observations like "The moon was crossed last night by a shadow" and "That ship out there came *up* over the horizon"—must have seemed impossibly difficult, as well as subversive, to the first Babylonians or Greeks who had it explained to them. Today the roundness of the earth and many of the Newtonian concepts of motions and mechanics that eventually grew out of it seem almost self-evident. They are no longer complicated by the perplexing paths traced on the night sky by the moon and planets. But the process of forgetting the details and assimilating the broad, easy generalizations into the main body of thought and language took centuries.

New truths exposed today in the explosive growth of modern science cannot wait centuries for appreciation. Their immediate practical impact is too great. At a time when laymen like Senator Stennis must wrestle with science as never before, many of the ideas that are important are so new that scientists themselves do not yet appreciate them fully and cannot yet explain them with the kind of perspective which might come with the passage of centuries.

One of the principal reasons for this interpretative lag is that many of the most basic discoveries in science do not come into the world like ordinary ideas, fleshed in words and pictures, but as the gaunt skeletons of formulas. The germs out of which they grew may have been ordinary and commonsensical, but they have been rewrought by the mathematical processes to which they have been subjected.

Mathematics, the language of science, is not like other tongues. Its symbols are atoms of distilled logic, far more compact than words in some ways but uncolored by any of the associations, sights, and feelings that make words immediately meaningful. As a result, mathematics cannot be translated phrase for phrase or symbol by symbol like French or Sanskrit. Most of its content is no more interesting than a housewife's accounts—pure numbers and quantities. The rest, the part that gradually seeps into the core of a culture, is something that it does not really say at all but only implies. In this it is like poetry. And like a poem, a great formula is not so much translated as it is interpreted—rightly or wrongly according to the judgment and taste of each generation.

Perhaps everyone should learn mathematics, so that senators and administrators need not be constantly at the mercy of interpreters. But if everyone did learn to think in equations, would they then understand science and nature? Until fairly recently one might have been sure they would. Confidence in mathematics was part of western man's outlook. As Galileo put it in the seventeenth century: "Nature's great book is written in mathematical symbols." In the eighteenth century the Marquis de Laplace carried the thought further: "All the effects of nature are only the mathematical consequences of a small number of immutable laws." In the nineteenth century the astronomer Sir George Biddell Airy even went so far as to define the entire universe as "a perpetual-motion calculating machine whose gears and ratchets are an infinite system of self-solving differential equations."

Then suddenly, in the twentieth century, Bertrand Russell was calling mathematics "the subject in

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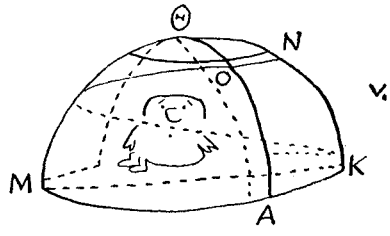
which we do not know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true." What had happened? After three centuries of certainty, had the mathematical language suddenly broken down? Not on the surface, anyway. Einstein's theory of relativity, the major scientific event that had intervened in 1905, was an earth-shaking triumph for mathematical abstractness in general, and in particular for one of mathematics' most obscure dialects: non-Euclidean geometry. Yet something *had* happened, not just to mathematics but seemingly to nature herself. Because of relativity and quantum mechanics, because of more acute experimental eyesight, because of introspection into systems of logic, scientists were beginning to suspect that nature did not speak in human accents—that she was what she was and that the most beautiful, workable mathematical expressions of her laws were merely expert translations from a lost original.

To many scientists this new uncertainty was profoundly disheartening. It demoted them from demigods to gamblers, and they didn't like it. But a few found it an exhilarating challenge. And today, after unqualified successes with nuclear weapons and electronic gadgetry, scientists generally enjoy their role as successful cardsharps and wouldn't go back to being academic formulators of divine law for anything. They are still wrestling with the limitations and ambiguities of mathematics, but they have been able to pin down with a fair degree of certainty what their uncertainties are.

One of the most basic of the uncertainties was introduced by Einstein's theory of relativity. The very word "relativity" implies a degree of unsureness. According to Einstein's use of it, all scientific measurements are relative to the observer who makes them. Man may be hurtling through space at an alarming speed, but what that speed is he can never know because he has no absolutely fixed point of reference. All the galaxies seem to be in motion, but the motion he measures is partly his own and partly theirs: he cannot separate the two. From this one concrete implication of relativity, many scientists infer a broader relativity that makes any sort of absolute reality a figment of the human mind. Can man, a billion billion billion times bigger than an atom and a billion billion billion times smaller than a star, really discover "laws" governing atoms and stars? Or do his theories reflect only semantics and the workings of his own mind? Do relativity and quantum mechanics contain philosophic truths about the nature of the macro- and microcosmos or do they consist simply of pragmatic rules that allow astrophysicists and atomic engineers to estimate the outcome of natural occurrences with a fair degree of accuracy?

Although philosophers of science are still wrestling with these questions, scientists themselves are mostly willing to admit that their most precise formulations are equivocal and that the only absolute truth is success—making ideas and formulas and machines that work. A good example of the ambiguity that scientists have learned to live with is the concept of curved space introduced into physics and cosmology by Einstein. According to the general theory of relativity, space



as a whole is perhaps curved and space locally near any concentration of matter may certainly be considered slightly warped. By "curved" or "warped," Einstein meant that all light rays and other seemingly straight lines would not obey the elementary postulates of Euclid's geometry. Instead they would behave like great circles on a sphere or the curves that represent the shortest routes between points on other kinds of surfaces—doubling back on themselves, failing to satisfy the usual definitions of parallelism, violating the triangulation laws of ordinary surveying. Whether or not space as a whole is curved is still an open cosmological question. But observation has shown that a straight ray of starlight does describe a gentle arc if it passes close to the concentrated mass of the sun. Depending on how the mathematical symbols of relativity are translated, this may mean either that space near the sun is curved or that starlight is subject to the tug of the sun's gravitation. But what is gravitation? Is it a mysterious force like an electrical charge or is it a curve in space? The choice of which concept to apply and which name to call the mathematical symbols seems to be arbitrary and to have nothing to do with nature. Certainly the starlight itself doesn't care whether it is passing through a knothole in the texture of space or is being affected by something called gravity. When and if scientists choose a name for the influence at work on it, they will probably do so only because one concept proves more fruitful than the other and easier to handle mathematically.

But perhaps one concept will not prove more fruitful or simple than the other. In the physics of light, for instance, it is sometimes easier to consider light as continuous waves and sometimes as tiny projectiles of energy, enormous in number but separate. It all depends on the part light is playing during the scientific investigation in question. In the fall of 1957 Niels Bohr, the great Danish physicist who shaped most of our modern concepts about the atom, delivered a speech at M.I.T. that raised this exasperating two-faced trait of nature into a concept of its own, which Bohr called "complementarity." But to most scientists, complementarity seems little more than the same rose by a new name. Mathematicians in particular are inclined to feel a little superior—partly because Bohr is a physicist and partly because they argued out similar ambiguities in mathematics long before relativity and atomic physics were born.

Until early in the nineteenth century, mathematics was based on sets of axioms and postulates that were considered self-evident. But then a succession of innovators began to ask why they were self-evident and to construct new experimental kinds of mathematics—like non-Euclidean geometry—based on axi-

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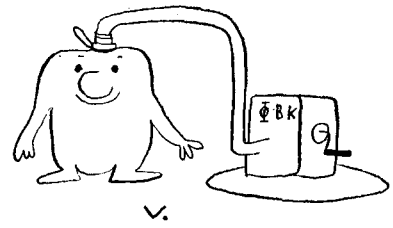
oms that were not self-evident and sometimes seemed to be patent nonsense. Playing with these mental toys, they found that they could construct wonderful edifices of equations on almost any assumptions at all. And though the assumptions might make no sense, the way the assumptions were manipulated did make sense. They found that they could generalize certain kinds of mathematics so that a single framework would hold and handle sensible propositions as one special case among whole sets of comparable nonsense propositions. More important, they found that the nonsense problems often turned out to make sense. An assumption that seemed to be about geometry and seemed to be silly might turn out to be a key truth when interpreted in terms of electricity.

And so mathematicians like Russell became convinced that the symbols in equations need not have verbal meaning. Manipulating the symbols correctly is all that matters. Given *x*, then *y*, and the devil take significance. *x* and *y* may stand for lines or electrons or explosions in a star or ripples on a pond. All the mathematician does is erect a nonsensical but logical structure on them, and some day a physicist may come along and find that a wonderful event in nature is all comprehended and described in the meaningless succession of symbols.

Making sequences of symbols that are not significant but rigorously logical is far more difficult than it sounds. It is far more difficult than ordinary reasoning, because the mathematician cannot call up familiar words or sights to guide him and give him "intuition." Choosing his dark path, he usually cheats a little and starts out with concrete ideas that he generalizes into pure abstraction only gradually. Then, having once abandoned all recourse to familiar notions from the world of reality, he has to move cautiously. Above all, he has to make his logic foolproof. In doing this, mathematicians have learned to be intensely introspective about their mental processes and wary about their use of words. How introspective and word-wary is well illustrated by the fact that a massive treatise now being prepared by an international group of mathematicians who call themselves "Monsieur Bourbaki" devotes two hundred pages simply to defining the word "one."



By having the words and common sense weeded out of it, mathematics has grown far more general and pragmatically useful than it used to be. Theorems developed in the approved modern manner apply, at their best, not only to this universe but to all possible universes. On the other hand, the old hope that man will discover the final master formula explaining the whole of creation has either vanished altogether or faded into the distant future. This is partly because most of the equations hitherto fitted to nature have turned out to be only very exact approximations and partly because in 1931 a twenty-five-year-old Austrian, Kurt Goedel, published one of the most marvelous and revolutionary proofs in the history of mathematics. Goedel proved that all the possible theorems of mathematics can never be deduced from a finite number of assumptions. No matter how many assumptions have been made already, mathematicians can always make more and from them derive new truths—meaningless symbolic truths, of course, but unless the universe proves finite in both time and extent, there is no assurance that these truths cannot be given meaning some day and interpreted to shed new light on the cosmos.

The kind of ultimate barrier to total understanding implicit in Goedel's proof is reminiscent of one of the basic physical findings of quantum mechanics. This is Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, which says that a scientist cannot find out both where a subatomic particle is and where it is going without making it go somewhere else instead. The reason for Heisenberg's principle is simply that you can't "look" at something—measure its precise place and speed and direction—without subjecting it to a tiny amount of energy that changes its future whereabouts. It is as if you wanted to know where a rat was heading in a dark room. Shine a flashlight on the rat, and you frighten it into going somewhere else. You could use radar on the rat, of course, and he would never be any the wiser, but in the world of the atom, electrons are equally sensitive to all kinds of radiation and indeed to any kind of probe at all. Predicting the futures of electrons or other subatomic particles can only be done as insurance actuaries predict the futures of human beings: by calculating probabilities and estimating what will happen to the average—the average man or the average particle.

These two discoveries, Heisenberg's principle and Goedel's proof, are barriers that human beings can never hope to vault. Fortunately, they are neither of them very severe limitations to a scientist of spirit and imagination. Goedel's proof only says to the mathematician that he will never run out of lands to explore. The universe is composed of an infinite or nearly infinite number of energy quanta, and in post-Goedelian mathematics every new number larger than the numbers investigated already is a proposition in itself—a proposition from which a new law can be constructed and a new truth discovered. Heisenberg's principle only says to the physicist that he can never cut and dry an experiment beyond predicting what is probable. The improbable may still happen; for instance, the physicist may be thrilled and confounded to see a table levitate because all the particles in it happen improbably to move in the same direction at the same time.

Both barriers leave the scientist with a residual world beyond certainty in which to exercise his metaphysical imagination. Beyond the barrier of Goedel's proof are very big numbers, and very big numbers of particles. Beyond the barrier of the Heisenberg principle lie many of the exact mechanisms and processes of atoms—all the things which happen so fast that they can never be detected, according to the Hei-

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senberg principle, without being found out as mere figments of the detection process itself.

The prohibitions laid down by Goedel and Heisenberg are basic to all the sciences. But every science also has barriers of its own, some of which may turn out to be equally insurmountable. In astronomy the expansion of the universe may make it impossible for stargazers to see beyond a certain limit where the galaxies are receding from the telescope at the speed of light. In biology there is a less insurmountable but more exasperating barrier in the fact that every living thing has a living container. Break the skin or the cell wall—lift the living hood to get at the engine inside—and the biologist has changed the organism and possibly changed the particular piece of mechanism he wants to investigate. But these are only examples. Whenever the investigator probes small things he finds that his own presence is a great obstacle, and whenever he grapples with immensities he finds himself frustrated and fascinated by imponderables.

INDEED, SCIENCE *is* very difficult. It is also very young. For every wonder it has performed, it holds promise of doing millions more. In the next century it will undoubtedly deluge the world with new ideas. Finding that nature is not mathematics and that mathematics has nothing to do with words has freed scientists to use words and concepts without compunction as a form of stimulus—a way of getting started on something new and a crutch to help in thinking abstractly.

The freedom to use words poetically as images or metaphors rather than as literal truths even permits a kind of intellectual poaching from one scientific specialty to another. The words of information theory, for instance, developed to assist in thinking about electronic circuits, calculators, telephone switchboards, and such, have proved a tremendous impetus to biophysics and biochemistry. One may read articles about "the information content" of a cell's nucleus or the means of "information storage" in the blood in scientific magazines almost any month.

Poached concepts and words have

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proved so pregnant when they turn up in new and surprising contexts that more and more scientists are willing to think verbally and straightforwardly when they can. Some of the purest theoreticians, of course, still insist that all mental models, words, and pictures are unnecessary and misleading. But it is the gossip of history that many of the most abstract advances in physics started when someone opened his eyes and mind in unsophisticated innocence on a specific problem. Newton is supposed to have thought about falling apples, and Einstein appears to have begun his work with elementary considerations about flashes of lightning beside a railroad track. Later on in the creative process, of course, the specific is generalized in mathematics and purged of the dross of words. The final results may be so far from the original words or any familiar concept whatsoever that decades may elapse before they can be interpreted. It seems to be true, though, that one theory is not usually replaced by another better one until the first has accumulated around it a rich body of interpretative lore—words, pictures, metaphors, similes—which enables some innovator to rethink the premises in a vivid human way. Most good scientists tend to agree with the mathematical physicist Hermann Weyl that the imperative preceding any sort of scientific originality is: "Think concretely."

OBVIOUSLY the interplay between the scientist and the layman should be important to both of them. The layman has to know about scientific advances to keep up with the world in which he finds himself. But the scientist has to return his findings periodically to the fount of common language and culture from which they sprang. He can get new ideas from the figures of everyday speech and he can clarify old ideas by having to explain them concretely. Of course the senator may bridle if the scientist smiles, but the friction is healthy and helpful. Nature's mute language is her own fractious, perplexing self, and science must avail itself of every means of expression and inspiration if it is to use nature and control her as fully as possible.

Jazz Without Tears

NAT HENTOFF

AS IN TELEVISION PLAYS, jazz musicians have nearly always been caricatured in films either as the primary supporters of the marijuana industry or as innocent primitives whose life goal is to improvise at Carnegie Hall before tiers of strings and their mothers. The film biographies of jazzmen have without exception been grotesquely inaccurate, sentimental, and astonishingly pallid in view of the often bitter conflicts and relentless challenges that are part of the jazz life.

Until Bert Stern's *Jazz on a Summer's Day*—which is intended for a general audience rather than for specialists—the only partially successful jazz pictures were *Jammin' the Blues* and *Jazz Dance*. The former was produced by Norman Granz in 1944 and photographed by Gjon Mili. A short film, *Jammin' the Blues* was a relaxed jam session with good to excellent music. *Jazz Dance*, an inexpensive two-reeler, was shot at New York's Central Plaza Hall on the lower East Side in 1953. The

weekend sessions at the Plaza are played mostly by the older musicians and are attended by athletic young enthusiasts who are drawn as much by the beer and dancing as the music. The movie, though shrill in sound and crude in execution, did capture much of the corybantic abandon of the Plaza rites, and from time to time the strongly expressive faces of the players themselves.

Jazz on a Summer's Day is more ambitious than either of its predecessors. Filmed at the 1958 Newport, Rhode Island, Jazz Festival, the eighty-five-minute picture is less a documentary of the occasion than a witty, uniquely lyrical, and occasionally powerful series of impressions of that annual midway. This is Stern's first film; he is a successful advertising photographer, and among his chief credits in that field are the notably static Smirnoff Vodka ads. It is a tribute to his imagination as a movie maker that he has made the Newport Festival look more attractive and intriguing than it is. He does not indicate the growing hordes of beer-brave teenagers who make a shambles of the streets at night, nor does he focus on the hungrily commercial programming of this "nonprofit, cultural" event. (A change is promised for this summer.) Stern admittedly intended to make a "happy jazz film, a film showing musicians and audiences enjoying the experience. Too many movies of and about jazz are grim, totally unrelated to the wonderful experience of jazz."

IT IS TRUE that there is more joy in listening to as well as playing jazz than is ever translated to the books, plays, or films about the music. Stern succeeds in illustrating the range of emotional reactions among the variegated Newport audience. His cameras have caught scores of listeners—awkwardly but vividly unself-conscious—lost in the music, in each other, or in a hot-dog roll. He has done less well in revealing the players' emotions, but the fault is hardly his, since most jazzmen find the Newport programs too crowded for them to relax and build to climaxes.

The first half of the picture is extraordinarily lighthearted and festive. Through inventive but not gratuitously tricky intercutting, Stern parallels the jazz experiences in Newport with the America's Cup yacht races that were taking place there at the same time. There are corollary scenes with children in a playground and a set of glacial reactions of some of the more ancient residents to the strangers, including many Negroes, in town. Aram Avakian, formerly an editor on Ed Murrow's *See It Now*, deserves

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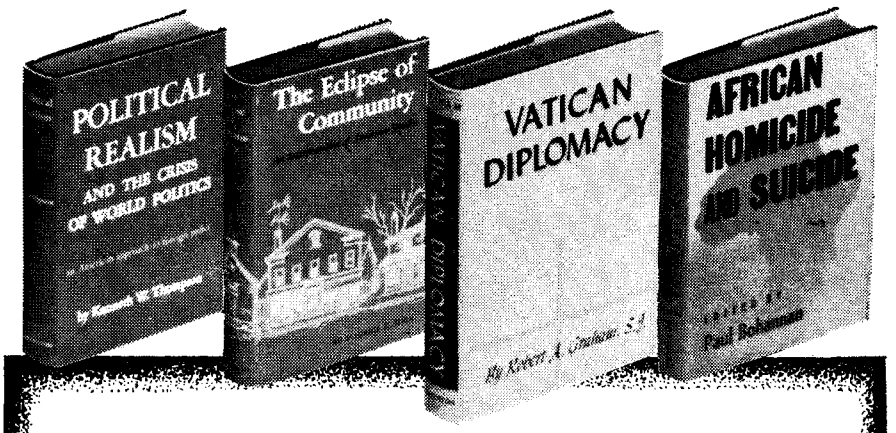
considerable credit for his editing of the picture, a project that consumed six months although the film itself was only four days in the shooting.

There are fake touches such as the needless importation for comic effect of a college Dixieland band and an obviously rehearsed beer-party sequence that tries to equate a normal drunken afternoon with the spirit of Marc Chagall. The most successful musical sections are those taken at the afternoon concerts, partly because the camera could roam more widely in natural light and partly because the Newport management puts on most of the more creative but lesser box-office names such as Thelonious Monk in the ill-attended sunlight concerts. Oddly, the references to the graceful, swooping yachts simply disappear midway in the movie; the rest is all jazz, most of it from the evening concerts. These night shots are somewhat more static than the afternoon work, and a long evening section is wasted on *Blue Sands* by the Chico Hamilton unit, which at that time sounded like a Longines Symphonette approach to jazz.

NOT ALL the night faces on the bandstand are self-conscious, however; and there are quick, sharp insights into the proud rowdiness of Dinah Washington, the lithe tension of Gerry Mulligan, Big Maybelle's raw passion, the gentle warmth of Jack Teagarden, and Louis Armstrong's genuine delight in his calculated showmanship. The picture ends with Mahalia Jackson. At Newport, as in church and at concerts, Miss Jackson projects her gospel fervor with such direct conviction that I expect even the beer drinkers in the bleachers must have been slightly aware that the carnival had been temporarily displaced.

Jazz on a Summer's Day has opened successfully throughout West Germany, and to mixed notices and moderate business in Boston. It begins a New York run at the Fifth Avenue Cinema and the 55th Street Playhouse on March 28, and will soon be distributed nationally. The picture's strength is that it has at last shown some of the fun in jazz, even amid the lost splendors of Newport.



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THE REPORTER Puzzle 5

by HENRY ALLEN

A. 142 124 91 156 130 42 162 72 41 101 7 135

American policy of neutrality early in World War II. (4, 3, 5).

B. 105 119 133 38 144 58 89 5

Famous likenesses of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More and Henry VIII.

C. 22 69 81 46 148

Perils or dangers.

D. 78 125 48 13 145 147

Blue mood, mood blues.

E. 67 96 104 16 139

"Vengeance deep-brooding o'er the _____/ Had lock'd the source of softer woe." Scott, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I, ix.

F. 117 120 33 83 141 60 92

"...within the hollow crown/ That rounds the mortal_____ of a king/ Keeps Death his court." Shakespeare, Richard II, III, ii, 160-62.

G. 18 100 121 115 55 28 112 102 84

The bluet (Houstonia Caerulea)

H. 3 146 82 15 30 19 152 143 158 44

Favorable.

I. 103 37 74

Friend of Falstaff

J. 160 17 108 123 57

First part of name of girl in song by William Douglas.

K. 65 20 79 39 150

Greek and Roman god of marriage.

L. 80 137 35 21 63 24 126 154 1 51 61

"_____, Postume, Postume" Horace, Odes, II, xiv, i.

M. 110 11 43 40

Imitates Barabbas

N. 53 76 85 94

To bring forth, produce, give birth to.

O. 62 87 9 106 122 71

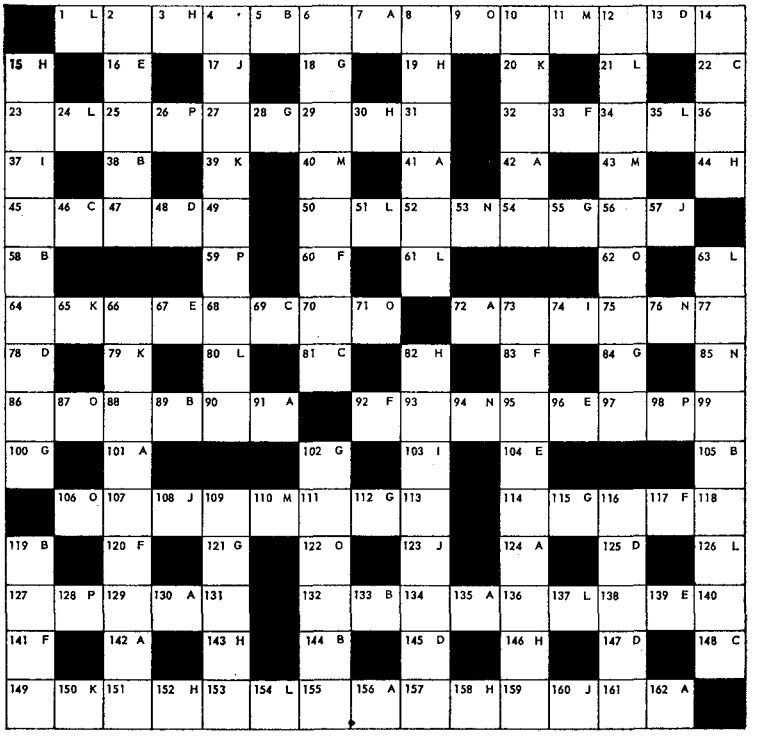
Last year's fashion.

P. 98 128 26 59

"And took in strains that might create a soul/ Under the _____of Death." Milton Comus, 1,560.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.



ACROSS

1. Ah, it's a poor club where one feels shut in.
23. Uriah Heep's favorite food? (6, 3).
32. Ant in system, method, and order.
45. Munition works given sad OK?
50. To get a grabber cleat ten.
64. Cat with grin in English county.
72. A hundred enduring Restoration heroines of convexity.
86. Sad men make restitution.
92. Fuller in a steamship than in older embroidery.
106. Nor giant unknowing.
114. Way to rue.
127. Is in a mountain of the Law.
132. Toy and some object to a toy.
149. High praise of a numerical sort (3, 2, 1, 8).

DOWN

2. Arm or leg no place at all.
4. Use handle when the dog's untied.
6. Do these givers of advice rock the boat?
8. Waters in viva voce answers.
10. Japanese money in Ha ha ha animal.
12. Does this make a mess of honey?
14. Star in the seven lively ones.
15. Any chip is one who should heal himself.
63. Breakfast subject of recent lays (5,4).
66. Not quite an emergency but coming out.
73. Mechanism gets up at a rasp, not raspberry.
82. Goats in a city of Spanish-American war fame.
102. Trace soft floor covering.
109. A metal din from denominational vegetable.
116. Cat lost it out of constitutional labor group.
119. Loosened without need a northern city.

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Miss Hellman's 'Electra'

MARYA MANNES

When I hear that Lillian Hellman took three years to write *Toys in the Attic,* I know it was not a matter of writing every day for that period—although she is a slow and meticulous worker. It was simply that she needed that long to know the Berniers sisters of New Orleans and their brother Julian and his wife Lily intimately. All this time, Carrie Berniers has cloaked her incestuous longing for Julian in protective love for a dear failure; Anna Berniers has suppressed her own knowledge of this out of a sense of duty toward her family and affection for her brother which in turn serve to keep the specter of her own loneliness and boredom at bay. The two sisters in their hideous house live for their weakling brother, bailing him out with their hard-earned savings, triumphant in his need of them. And when this need is withdrawn by the one financial coup Julian has ever pulled off (and that by a fluke), their love—in particular Carrie's—becomes a withering and relentless force of destruction. They cannot bear the thought of his independence: of a Julian free of their support and presence, free to live with his child-wife, free at last to be a man.

So Carrie Berniers with malevolent intent, and Lily out of innocent passion, contrive in the end to drag Julian back to his incompetence and dependency. Standing by, helpless and appalled, are Lily's strange beautiful mother, Mis' Prine, and her pale Negro lover, Henry Simpson; a pair so delicately and yet candidly stated that their relationship has enormous power and meaning. So long has Miss Hellman lived with these people and observed the very marrow of their beings that each of their human involvements suggests a whole separate story. Yet with this full knowledge, her discipline has permitted her to reveal only enough of them to further one story of two steaming summer days in the Berniers home, and the brutality of this one kind of love.

It is this economy and this discipline which distinguish her playwriting from that of Tennessee Williams, for at first glance a certain preoccupation with human deformity—Southern at that—compels a comparison. In *Toys in the Attic,* Miss Hellman has dealt with a number of unlovely or painful states of being, from incest to miscegnation to retardation; and in the end her Julian is not only a beaten soul but a beaten and bloody body. But so real and rounded are these people (even to the extent of being often funny) that no sense of gratuitous shock or sensation prevails. Miss Hellman's characters may be—like all those of good fiction—composed of remembered realities, but you do not feel, as Williams can make you feel, that they are part of a private exorcism shared in public. The difference here seems to be between a deep but controlled involvement and a dark obsession. And although both are equally brilliant craftsmen, and Mr. Williams more a master of verbal music than Miss Hellman, hers is the more consistent integrity: she will do nothing for effect alone, although she well knows how. Certainly, *Toys in the Attic* makes no concessions. The Berniers life, centered as it is on privation—of love no less than of money—is not a beguiling one. Julian and his strange, ignorant, lost little wife are not particularly endearing. Only Mis' Prine and her Henry cast allurement on the stage, and then only mysteriously and briefly.

Still you hang on their every word, not only because Miss Hellman has made them speak as they truly would, but because Maureen Stapleton and Jason Robards, Jr., and Irene Worth and Ann Revere and Percy Rodriguez and Rochelle Oliver superbly recognize their reality. And to their director, Arthur Penn, goes the credit for shaping—from *Toys in the Attic* and *The Miracle Worker*—two of the pitifully few evenings this winter when theater becomes experience.

Alexis de Tocqueville

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The World of 'Le Monde'

JOSEPH KRAFT

THE MILITARY COUP that swept parliamentary democracy from the Sudan on November 17, 1958, must have perplexed even the keenest students of Arab-African affairs. A New York *Times* dispatch from Khartoum on that day reported the event in detail, then went adrift on a sea of negative speculation: "There was no outward evidence that there was any pro-Nasser influence in the coup. But . . ." "Our Own Correspondent," writing from Khartoum for the London *Times,* was equally in the dark but managed to find an official source for the confusion. "Diplomats," the dispatch said, "appeared to be a little lost about the origins of the new régime."

But to readers of the Paris evening paper *Le Monde,* what supposedly baffled the diplomats had for three days been an open book. "The Battle of the Nile," an unsigned article written in Paris and published on the first page of *Le Monde* on November 14, described the crumbling of parliamentary government in the Sudan under pressure from Colonel Nasser, and predicted that continuing democracy would mean another conquest for Cairo. It concluded with what was in fact the explanation of the November 17 coup—that the one way to fend off Egyptian domination of the Sudan was "intervention in political life by the armed forces."

So happy an intimation of coming events might, in almost any other paper, be set down to luck. Not at *Le Monde.* It is written and edited with the special care reserved for those newspapers, more select in tone and circulation than the others, which serve as mouthpiece and ear trumpet for a national elite. *Le Monde* is *the* paper in France, as the *Times* of London and of New York are in Britain and the United States, and like them it provides a limited—but influential—public with serious information set forth in sober accents.

Of those who buy 210,000 *Le Mondes* daily, nearly half (44.5 per cent) are businessmen, bankers, or engineers. A fifth are in the liberal professions, and nearly that many (17.5 per cent) in the higher rungs of the administration. Alone among the Paris dailies, *Le Monde* counts a substantial portion of its readership outside the capital (20,000 abroad, 80,000 in the French provinces and North Africa).

Generally half of each day's twelve- or sixteen-page edition is given over to foreign news, while two or three of the pages (including a third of the first page) deal with domestic politics; another two pages treat of economics and business. Criticism, at a higher level than routine reviewing, is the hallmark of its cultural section, one feature being long articles on proper usage of the French language. Sports take up about one per cent of the total space, and such frills as cartoons, funnies, contests, charities, and even pictures are out. On a typical day studied in a UNESCO survey, advertising, which plays a much smaller role in the financing of European papers than it does in the American press, filled twenty-three per cent of *Le Monde's* space, as against twenty-nine per cent for the *Times* of London and forty-six per cent for the New York *Times.*

TO ROUND OFF the picture of an Establishment paper, almost everybody, rightly or wrongly, believes that *Le Monde* reflects the enlightened official view. Indeed, in an extraordinary message of April 22, 1948, the French Foreign Ministry (of which it has been said, "Never believe anything until it has been denied by the Quai d'Orsay") instructed its representatives that it "was important to dissipate" the idea that "*Le Monde* serves as the spokesman . . . of our diplomacy."

Besides the restraint of an Establishment paper, moreover, *Le Monde* is distinguished by a selectivity alien to its nearest counterparts. The New York *Times* pursues, as its slogan proclaims, "all the news." A tradition of nearly two centuries gives the *Times* of London its rigid format. In contrast, the making of *Le Monde* is every day an act of purposeful choice. Like the great dailies of yore, it bears the imprint of a single mind—the mind of its director, Hubert Beuve-Méry.

Few local boys have ever made better. Beuve, as he is generally called, was born to poor people of Paris in 1902, worked his way (trundling a pushcart for a junk dealer) through *lycée* and university, after which he came under the influence of the Dominicans. In 1928 he went to

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Prague as a teacher in the French Institute. Six years later, when Central Europe began to boil, Beuve became the Prague correspondent of *Le Temps*, the finest French paper of the interwar years. Munich, which Beuve opposed and *Le Temps* supported, brought about his resignation. During the war he served first in the French Army and then in the Resistance, where, working for the clandestine press, he took the pen name Sirius, a fit symbol for the detached observation in which he specializes.

Late in 1944, with *Le Temps* proscribed for collaboration, Beuve was asked by the de Gaulle govern-

ment to set up *Le Monde* as its successor. For plant, style, and some of his personnel, he borrowed from *Le Temps*. Newsprint, which was scarce, he acquired through the personal intervention of de Gaulle. For the rest, Beuve built *Le Monde* from the ground up.

AS A RULE newspapers make previous newspaper experience the supreme virtue; and thus, in the United States, men who have never been far from a copy desk decide on the play of stories about the Pentagon which may be written by veterans of work in the police courts. But Beuve had lived in Prague six years before he began working for *Le Temps*. By that time he knew Czechoslovakia, its language, people, and politics. If not an expert, he was a sophisticated specialist with a passion for his subject. He has made *Le Monde* a newspaper of sophisticated specialists.

In hiring, *Le Monde* emphasizes education over experience. Michel Tatu, who recently began to cover the Soviet Union for the paper, is a student of Soviet affairs not yet past his thirtieth birthday. When Robert Kemp, *Le Monde's* drama critic, died last year, the paper picked as successor a young prize-winning novelist, Bertrand Poirot-Delpech. Jean Planchais, who writes on French military affairs, began to cover them fourteen years ago, when he was only twenty-five.

From such beginnings, *Le Monde* has built up a basic reportorial staff including men with something like eminence in every field. The chief political writer, Jacques Fauvet, is a recognized authority, known not only at the Palais Bourbon and the Hôtel Matignon but also at the Sorbonne, Oxford, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the author of three first-rate analytical books, including one on peasant politics put out under university imprimatur. The paper's literary critic, Emile Henriot, is one of France's best-known novelists and dramatists, and a member of the French Academy.

OVER THE BASIC STAFF are editors graduated from the reporting ranks and charged with specialized responsibilities: director of diplomatic affairs, of economic affairs, of cutural affairs, and so on. These meet with Beuve every morning to block out each day's two editions: one for Paris appearing at 1:30 P.M.; a second for Paris, the provinces, and foreign parts, appearing at 4:30. To a degree rare in any journal, they succeed in fitting the news into meaningful categories.

Major running stories are placed on the first page under a synoptic head: GENERAL EISENHOWER'S MEETING WITH DE GAULLE, for instance. All late-breaking news goes on the back page. On the pages in between, related stories are grouped so that a

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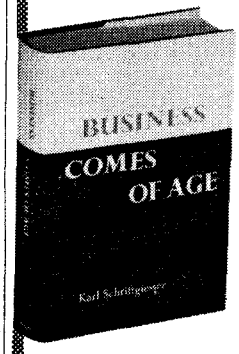

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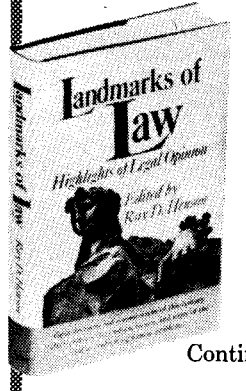

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reader can easily find everything the paper contains on any specific theme. Economic matters are all included on the same page or pages under a banner headline: LA VIE ECONOMIQUE. Similarly with the other special departments. A real effort is made to departmentalize even the general news. A recent page 6, for instance, included, under the head DEVELOPMENT OF EAST-WEST RELATIONS, a dispatch on that question from Washington which was continued over from page 1, plus items in the same vein from Warsaw, Moscow, Bonn, Berlin, and Vienna, plus a review of the views expressed on the issue by the French press.

Along with a deliberate arrangement of news items goes a large volume of analytic writing. On a big story involving, say, simultaneous developments in Geneva, London, and Paris, a three- or four-paragraph "precede," weaving together all the developments, is usually written by the Paris staff and placed atop the individual dispatches. The left-hand column of the front page is always given over to a daily "*Bulletin du Monde*," or editorial, printed in slightly bolder type than the rest of the paper, and written either by Beuve, in which case it is signed Sirius, or by the departmental editors. The "*Bulletin*," however, is far less an expression of opinion than an explanation of what has happened or is about to happen. Wide use is also made of series, but as serious news items, not circulation builders poking into private lives. In September of last year, for example, *Le Monde* published series on "Ten Years of Communism in China," "Britain in the Atomic Era," "The American Trade Unions," "The Future of the French Economy," "Franco-American Relations," and "Iran on the Road to Recovery."

WITH so broad a range, mistakes inevitably crop up. The series on American labor repeatedly referred to Jimmy Hoffa's union as the "Teamster's Brotherwood." Describing a union vote at one juncture, the author indicated that assent was signified by saying "I." In an effort to make this usage intelligible, *Le Monde* compounded the error by explaining in a footnote that the "I" was short for "I agree," as "*d'ac*" is short for "*d'accord*." But no matter how remote the subject, the self-consciously apologetic note so common to the American press when it tackles unfamiliar matters is absent from *Le Monde*. And if the paper sometimes tries to make clear what is inexplicable, it scrupulously avoids the barbarity of repeating the twice-told and explaining what everybody knows.

One of its best devices, indeed, is a means of avoiding rambling biographical accounts of fairly well-known people who come into the news. When such names occur, *Le Monde* provides at the end of

the news dispatch a brief *curriculum vitae*, written in *Who's Who* style.

Similarly, the paper lists radio and TV programs, but does not accompany the list with a long prose catalogue of the same schedule. A great many of its stories are simply statements that on the occasion of such-and-such, so-and-so said—after which there follows a lengthy quotation. For like good conversationalists, the sophisticated specialists who make *Le Monde* are prepared to share what is to be said with the rest of the company. They know about reading between the lines, and sometimes they even seem to leave a little extra space for the alert reader. This, for instance, was *Le Monde's* report of an item which elsewhere filled pages: "Maria Callas and Aristotle Onassis left Cannes today aboard the Greek shipper's yacht, en route for an unknown destination."

THE OTHER shaping element in Beuve's background, besides Prague, was the Dominican influence—a force which, though little remarked outside France, has had the most profound impact inside. Liberal compared with the Jesuits, the Dominicans have sought ever since Napoleon's day to square the principles of the Church with the principles of the French Revolution. In the last century some of France's most generous minds were in their camp, while in the twentieth century the same spirit has flowered as a mass conscience bearing witness against the abomination of two world wars and the great depression. Its exponents embrace principles of the purest morality and a social policy harking back to primitive Christian communities. Their works include the Catholic trade unions and youth groups, the ill-fated worker-priest movement, and a wide variety of missions to the underdeveloped countries. They manned the left wing of France's Christian Democrats (M.R.P.), and to them is due part of the spirit of *rapprochement* with Germany. If the columns of *Le Monde* breathe any philosophy, it is the philosophy of Christian socialism.

In domestic politics, high moral ground was the vantage point taken by *Le Monde* from the very first. Beuve's editorials, in season and out, flayed the "impotence, foolishness, and blindness of men, the malfunctioning of institutions," and the tendency to cheat rather than govern. So intent was Beuve on personal shortcomings, in fact, that *Le Monde*, along with most of the rest of the world, ignored a supreme accomplishment of the Fourth Republic—an economic modernization rivaling, if not surpassing, that of West Germany.

In the general castigation, there was one "brief but brilliant exception"—Mendès-France, in whom

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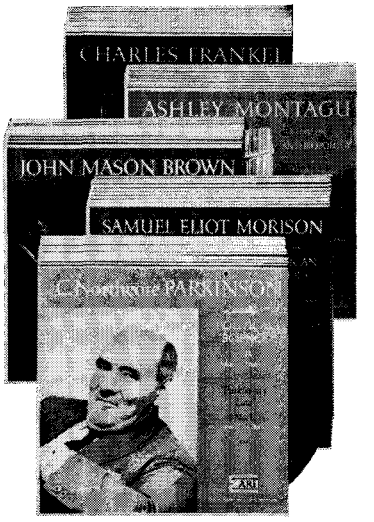
Beuve found "clear common sense," "quiet determination," "good faith," and "astonishing physical endurance." Though General de Gaulle's "glory as wartime chief of state" is acknowledged, he has still not won the blessing of Sirius as political leader. After the war Beuve reproached him for "asserting in all circumstances, as if it were dogma, the primacy of French power" and "for taking to himself all the credit while burdening others with the debits." The general's statement that he was prepared to take office after the Algiers uprising of May 13, 1958, was for Beuve a "reinforcement of . . . secession." Even now, though there are signs of softening, Beuve remains sharply critical of de Gaulle and his theme of grandeur. "Will France be greater when it has exploded a Hiroshima-type bomb," he asked before the Sahara bomb was exploded, "or, rather, will it only cease to be innocent in order to become capable of all the atomic abominations?"

SCRUPLE also enters into the neutralist attitude that has earned *Le Monde* violent attacks, including one charge by Pierre Brisson, editor of the morning *Figaro*, that *Le Monde* was run by *asexués*. Etienne Gilson, the Catholic historian and philosopher, first sounded the *Le Monde* neutralist note on March 2, 1949, in an article urging Frenchmen to strike out toward a Third Force unless the United States gave solid guarantees of intent to defend the Continent. Since then *Le Monde*, while unremittingly hostile to the Communists, has repeatedly forced to the surface doubts about American willingness and moral fitness to save Europe. The Fechteler incident of 1952, when *Le Monde* reprinted with enormous fanfare an article on naval strategy which it erroneously attributed to the then U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William Fechteler, arose because of an eagerness to show that the United States was adopting a peripheral strategy and dodging its responsibilities for European defense.

More recently, neutralism has merged with the European unity movement, the Old World being called together to redress the balance against the two new ones. Since Beuve is a fairly consistent supporter of Europe and since the United States is too, he has felt able to tone down anti-American strictures. Still, there is an evident hankering to have done with the two superpowers. "Why not," Beuve has asked, "a European, or better still Eurafrican, Third Force between the powerful Empires of East and West?"

The African reference underlines still a third Dominican attitude, it being an article of their faith that God is not necessarily a Frenchman. Early on, Beuve perceived that as the victory "of 1918 could not assure preservation of France's European vassals, so the victory of 1945 was not going to stay the progressive disintegration of the colonial empire built in the nineteenth century." Indo-China he wrote off as a "running sore" which "poisons the whole life of the nation." On Algeria, *Le Monde* has repeatedly broken stories exposing local poverty and the French Army's brutal methods. The first study of systematic use of torture in Algeria was written by a leading contributor to *Le Monde*, Pierre-Henri Simon.

FOR ANY NEWSPAPER to be so consistently free of nationalist prejudice is a remarkable thing, and nowhere more so than in France, where the press has hardly been noted for independence. To be sure, the spectacular sordidness of the prewar years has passed out of vogue. But so has the Resistance ideal of "a divorce between power and thought." Of the eight Paris dailies besides *Le Monde* which count circulation in six or more figures, *L'Humanité* (218,000) and *Libération* (118,000) hew to the Communist party line; *La Croix* (153,000) is a church paper; and the *Parisien Libéré* (880,000), a "concierge's paper" carrying little serious news. The other four are owned by large commercial interests loath to offend the national temper. One textile magnate, Marcel Boussac, controls the morning *L'Aurore* (475,000), while its rival, *Le Figaro* (510,000), is jointly owned by another textile man, Jean Prouvost, and the sugar baron Ferdinand Beghin. *France-Soir* (1,345,000) and *Paris-Presse* (185,000), the two big evening pa-



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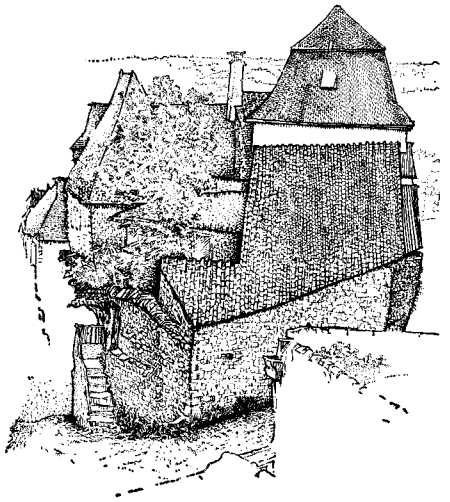
pers, are controlled by the distributing firm of Hachette.

Le Monde, in contrast, is staff-owned, the major interest being held personally by Beuve-Méry. Probably no other staff-owned paper in the world has attained the first rank. The paper does not lose money; but lacking a backer, it has never been able to modernize the ancient equipment in the Rue des Italiens, or to accumulate a reserve that would be proof against a general economic slump. Its editorial staff is known as the poorest-paid and hardest-working in Paris, and so highly placed an employee as the chief political reporter has to file for the provincial press in order to support himself. Efforts to raise the price have repeatedly run afoul of government regulations that include the cost of a newspaper in the basic wage-price index. Like all newspapers, *Le Monde* has suffered from the sharply rising costs of newsprint and from competition from television. With the rest of the Paris dailies, it has had to meet the challenge of the French provincial press, which has improved notably in the postwar years. In addition, there has been the friction usual to group ownership.

BUT *Le Monde* has not only gone on day after day; it has maintained its unique independence. Against the crasser kinds of influence there stands Beuve's almost finicky integrity. Passion for their work, palpable at every level of the staff, guards against the more subtle and widespread type of corruption—softening of the brain in the good, gray waters of the conventional wisdom.



BOOKS

Parkinson à la Poujade

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS, by C. Northcote Parkinson. *Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

Professor Parkinson, as doubtless everyone knows, is the author of an article which appeared in the *Economist* some years ago showing that as Britain's ships and colonies declined in number, the number of people needed for their administration increased. It was an amusing piece, not without appeal to those who associate government with sin. The author then produced a number of other essays in similar vein, and the resulting book, *Parkinson's Law,* was an immediate best-seller. When a subsequent and serious volume on political theory, *The Evolution of Political Thought,* produced no similar reaction, Professor Parkinson evidently reached some rather firm conclusions on how to make his way in this Republic: we go for amusing books assailing the insanity of bureaucrats. It is not too much to hope that he will be proved wrong.

For his humor in this volume Professor Parkinson depends heavily on engaging references to himself—Parkinson's Second Law is much mentioned; on the invention of funny names for people and places—Senator Dimwit, County Auditor Poco Pianissimo, Police Chief Mike O'Hara, and a state capital called Clewless City all appear in one paragraph; and on puns—the Anglo-Saxon Waste Line and the American Bust are both (somehow) symbols of waste. I am not deeply affected by this, but tastes differ. What is very clear is that Professor Parkinson's wholly serious reaction to the problems of taxation is on a par with that of M. Poujade and his less enlightened followers. And the author is very serious, at least about taxes.

IT IS HIS CONTENTION that public servants are distinguished from worthy and decent people purely by the fact that they are prodigious wastrels. It is as simple as that. And being wastrels, they press for more and more money to waste. This means higher taxes, which first cause inflation and then destroy the power of the state. (The more common cause of inflation, which is high expenditures not covered by taxes, is not known to the author.) For demonstration, Professor Parkinson draws with rather more flourish than relevance on a variety of historical examples and on the insanities, as he sees them, of contemporary British practice.

British bureaucratic waste, as the author seems to have sensed, is not the very best sort of thing for a book that is meant to entice American conservatives. So working rather hastily, he has also dug up some American examples. These include samples of the material included in the appendix of the *Congressional Record* and housekeeping bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture. Regrettably, no one told the author that it is now some years since even the laziest Washington correspondent has had the courage to use these moth-eaten items even on his dullest day. (In addition, Professor Parkinson cites some missile projects that were discontinued after large sums had been spent on them. But this was the result of imposing the kind of limits on public outlays that he himself recommends.) The existence of such waste enables Professor Parkinson to conclude that all modern increases in public outlays are money down a rathole.

Apart from the writs of Miss Vivien Kellems, to which he has devoted possibly unparalleled attention, Professor Parkinson appears to have relied for his knowledge of taxation on two authorities. One of these is John R. McCulloch, a voluble nineteenth-century figure who was the Will Durant of the classical economists. The other, like the author a Britisher who has become

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sensitive to the applause of the American Right, is Mr. Colin Clark. Mr. Clark's most recent recommendation was that we cut educational outlays should competition with the Soviets get serious. In proving that high taxes are a cause of national decline, Professor Parkinson sets a new standard of statistical irrelevance by comparing the tax burdens of the United Kingdom, the United States, Italy, Japan, and other countries without taking into account the differences in income. He contents himself by saying that these might be important. So far as one can tell, the comparisons were not meant to be funny.

TAXATION is a very difficult matter, and Professor Parkinson is a political scientist and a humorist, so that his errors are perhaps forgivable—or certainly would be if he had written about dogs. But he also takes some very curious positions for a political scientist. Thus, Canadians will learn with interest that their governors-general really govern and that John Buchan, the novelist, "governed" them successfully. In Professor Parkinson's system, there is no particular relation between economic policy and political stability. So it has not occurred to him that the progressive income tax, which he utterly abhors, may have contributed to social contentment and thus to political calm. Most politically astute adults have almost certainly wondered what would have happened to the economic and hence to the political life of the United States if there had been a continual growth in the great fortunes of fifty years ago and with no effort at abatement. Most will concede that the political climate might by now be a trifle ugly and that among the potential sufferers might be those with the most to lose. While this is not a very sophisticated line of speculation, it is beyond the political horizons of Professor Parkinson.

American conservatives of the bureaucrat-baiting, tax-hating stripe have always been rather short of persuasive prophets. So they extend an avid welcome to articulate arrivals on these shores whose message is to avoid the calamitous march to socialism, serfdom, public spending, taxation, and decay that characterizes the country they have just left and on which they are able to report firsthand. This applause, though enraptured, does not last very long, for the advice has little relation to the contemporary reality. The audience enjoys for a brief moment its vision of taxless, regulation-free, union-free, and welfare-free Arcadia and then returns to the world as it is. Those who contribute to these furtive visions may conceivably cause more joy than damage. There will now be a brief round of clapping for Professor Parkinson.

Mundt's Labor Lost

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE ENEMY WITHIN, by Robert F. Kennedy. *Harper. $3.95.*

The hearings of Senator McClellan's committee investigating the labor movement were shocking and sensational. That much was obvious while they were in progress. But they were also ironic, and this was not quite so apparent at the time. Some members of the committee, led by Senator Mundt, expected their exposé to shatter the power of the socially minded trade unionists represented by Walter Reuther. But the politicians (and the editorialists who agreed with them) cast their characters most improbably: Dave Beck could not play the role of labor statesman and Reuther would not play the role of labor racketeer.

The best material in Robert Kennedy's new book on the hearings relates the story of this ironic reversal. Unfortunately, however, the bulk of his study merely summarizes the newspaper sensations produced by the committee which he served as counsel. The grim and oft-told tale of Teamster corruption occupies the center of the narrative, but there is little attempt to face the complex problems of proposed legislation;

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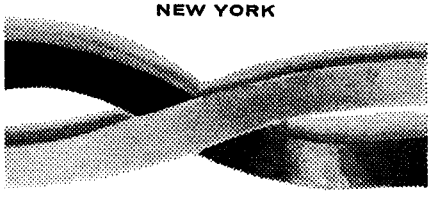

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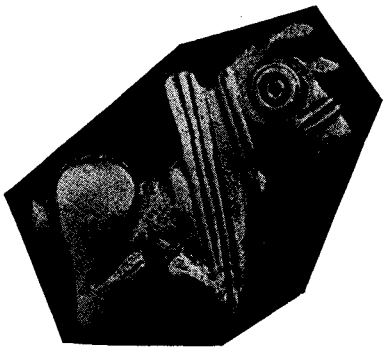

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perhaps that would be too much to expect of a member of the Massachusetts Kennedy family in a year of Presidential decision.

This is not to say that Robert Kennedy has written a campaign tract for his brother. *The Enemy Within* bristles with citations from the committee record and anecdota from the counsel's office. But the most interesting insight comes almost by way of footnote. It develops out of Kennedy's irritation with the Republicans on the committee. They had, Kennedy relates, launched a smear campaign charging that the counsel and his brother were tools of Walter Reuther. In telling his side of the story, Kennedy documents the revealing ironies of the committee's investigation.

As Kennedy recounts it, the Republicans on the committee were confident that the hearings would expose the social unionists. These labor leaders, most of them from the old CIO, were identified with the Democratic Party. Actually, the lines were not so neatly partisan as Kennedy implies. Southern Democrats, outraged at the role of the social unionists in their party, also had a stake in the expected disclosures. This line-up of conservativism versus liberalism was the background for some of the most interesting developments in the hearings.

THE FIRST REVERSAL came with the appearance of Dave Beck of the Teamsters. At this distance, it is hard to remember the old image of Beck. But there was a time when the Teamster leader was feted by Northwestern businessmen, praised by the American Medical Association, and celebrated in many an editorial as a labor leader who kept to the business of wages and hours without involving himself in far-reaching social planning. This view survived in some quarters through Dave Beck's first session in the witness chair. At the beginning of the hearings, he was allowed to philosophize. A leading Republican member of the committee congratulated him on his solid labor statesmanship.

The illusion was shattered as soon as Beck departed from the lofty plane of abstraction. As the sordid story of his financial deals unfolded, the Teamsters' leader became the object of political contempt rather than adulation. The Republicans, as Kennedy describes the situation, tried to get revenge by turning their attention to the social unionists. They demanded a thorough hearing on the bitter United Automobile Workers strike against the Kohler Company, even though no new material had been turned up through investigation. At this point some of the conservatives planted stories that Robert Kennedy and his brother were shielding Reuther. But, Kennedy continues, as the date for the public sessions on the Kohler strike approached, the senatorial conservatives panicked. They realized that Reuther could be a highly articulate opponent, not easily outwitted or outtalked.

The Republicans thereupon fought against having Reuther lead off in the Kohler hearings. If this were done, they argued, the whole subsequent investigation would turn into an anticlimax. Kennedy writes that he agreed to all of the demands of the committee minority. But the inevitable could only be postponed. Reuther performed most creditably and the whole conservative theory of the hearings was reduced to a farce. Beck was sent on his way to jail, while Reuther and the social unionists emerged relatively unscathed.

Kennedy annotates this fascinating story from the partisan vantage point of his hostility to the committee Republicans. But since he avoids a serious analysis of the American labor movement, he tends to miss the larger implications of his own narrative. In other sections of the book he makes it clear that he distinguishes between the "bad" unionists of the Beck type and the "good" labor leaders of George Meany's AFL-CIO. But he does not give these terms a deeper reference.

BY AND LARGE, most of the union leaders who left the hearings discredited came from the conservative wing of the labor movement. Belonging to unions steeped in the old Gompers tradition of business unionism, they avoided involvement with broad social issues. More often than not, they had voted for Eisenhower. The social unionists, on the other hand, were shown to be relatively

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free of corruption and ties with the racketeers. This distinction between types of unions and unionists was the ultimate irony that so confounded the Republicans on the McClellan Committee.

Union conservativism is not, of course, synonymous with labor corruption. There are naturally many honest and sincere business unionists. But the structure of the traditionalist unions makes them more open to racket infiltration and shady deals. The union ideology is permeated with the more dubious business values; the union institutions are more bureaucratic than those of the industrial unions that are usually the source of social unionism. In short, though the conservative unions are not necessarily corrupt, they have less internal defense against corruption.

In the socially minded unions, on the other hand, an idealistic motivation for leadership persists even though the organizational elan of the 1930's has largely disappeared. And although there has been a postwar trend toward bureaucratic processes in these unions too, the membership still has a considerable say in the management of their affairs. Taken together, these factors constitute a more effective internal defense against the enemy within.

Robert Kennedy does not treat this important distinction of union structure and spirit. As a result, his view of corruption in the labor movement has something of the quality of a Western movie: it is a vision of a struggle between good guys and bad guys. The most valuable material appears by way of historical footnote in this partisan account of the realities beneath the surface of the newspaper sensations.

The Gullible Eye

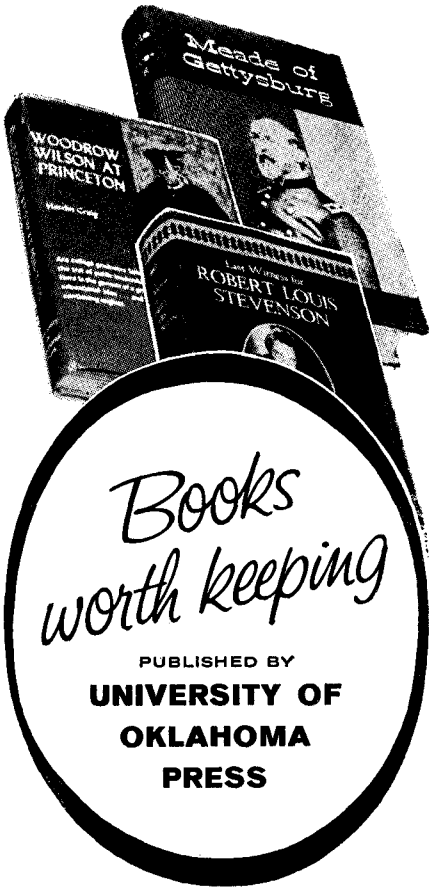
JAY JACOBS

ART AND ILLUSION: A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION, by E. H. Gombrich. Bollingen Series XXXV. 5. Illustrated. *Pantheon. $10.*

Few painters in the history of western art have been as strikingly original, and probably no single one has been responsible for as many major innovations in his craft, as the sixteenth-century Flemish genius Pieter Brueghel the Elder. And yet, his astonishing inventiveness and the almost unparalleled freshness of his vision notwithstanding, Brueghel was well aware of and deeply influenced by the work of other men. Had the van Eyck brothers, Dürer, Bosch, and Titian never existed, the palpable world in which Brueghel lived would have remained substantially what it was. His pictures, though, could hardly have had that particular appearance we now instantly conjure up at the mention of his name.

THESE UNORIGINAL reflections on the inescapable pressures imposed upon an artist by tradition were stimulated by an advertisement for a new book on Brueghel that appeared under the rubric "A virgin eye unhampered by convention." I noticed the ad just after finishing E. H. Gombrich's *Art and Illusion,* a work designed to substantiate its author's earlier assertions (in *The Story of Art*) that "No artist can 'paint what he sees' and discard all conventions." Once lost, optical virginity, like any other virginity, is gone forever. And, desirable as a condition of pristine innocence might be in any artist, the plain fact is, as Professor Gombrich abundantly demonstrates, that every painter is deprived of his innocence by the very works that inspire him to take up his craft in the first place.

Equipped with our own notions of how things look, we find much of the art of the past naïve, stylized, and "unrealistic." We tend to lose sight of the fact that the history of the visual arts—at least until expressionism set in—is largely the record of men's attempts (often considered completely successful in their own times) to depict the visible world faithfully. Relief renderings of the plants brought back to Egypt from Syria by the pharaoh Thutmose III



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three and a half millennia ago seem so stylized to contemporary botanists that they hesitate to identify the subjects—but the pharaoh himself pronounced them true copies. Ancient Greek painting, whatever virtues we may ascribe to it, hardly accords with our concept of "magic realism"; but according to Pliny, Zeuxis, whose painted grapes deceived the birds, was in turn tricked into trying to draw aside a curtain painted by Parrhasius. The frescoes of Giotto, to which we might apply almost any complimentary adjective except "realistic," inspired Boccaccio to write, "There is nothing which Giotto could not have painted in such a manner as to deceive the sense of sight." And so it has gone, down through the ages.

Conversely, the images *we* can accept as more or less "true to life" might well appear incomprehensible to the men of other times. I've read somewhere that Arab dignitaries mistook perfectly conventional English portraits of themselves (drawn for T. E. Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*) for representations of camels. Rowley, the eminent writer on Chinese art, relates that Chinese painters, confronted with traditional western portraits featuring heavy chiaroscuro, wondered why anyone would want to paint men as though they were white on one side and Negro on the other.

Art and Illusion is a thorough, lucid, and unusually readable study of the psychology of visual perception; a convincing explanation of why "different ages and different nations have represented the visual world in such different ways." Stated briefly (and somewhat unfairly), the burden of Professor Gombrich's four-hundred-odd pages of argument is that a good deal of what men see, or think they see, is heavily colored by what they know, or want to know; the great artists were great not because they were "unhampered by convention" but because they managed, occasionally and with great effort, to recast the conventions without which art would have no meaning.

The Long Way Home

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

The Torrents of Spring, by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by David Magarshack. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.75.*

In 1840, a young Russian named Sanin, the principal character in Turgenev's *The Torrents of Spring,* was exposed to the perils of travel in Europe—and nearly got home safe. When catastrophe overtook him he was in Germany with only a few interminable stagecoach days between him and the probability of pursuing a long, useless, but not unhappy life of Russian indecision: whether or not to marry some neighboring landowner's daughter, whether to be kind to his serfs or, like Turgenev's mother, to beat them. The Italian sunlight had not held him, and Turgenev, who wrote as a Francophile with the resentments of 1870 in mind, has depicted a Germany that could not possibly retain anyone except perhaps in some international watering place such as Wiesbaden: the food was atrocious, he thought, the theater emphatic and commonplace, the people dull. So that on that fatal summer morning when Sanin left his Frankfort hotel for a stroll, he was in the self-satisfied state that tempts the gods: the traveler returning with hotel labels on his valises and within them the statuette of Narcissus procured in Rome, the little mosaic tray bought in Pompeii, the polished leather box for cuff links and collar buttons acquired in Florence, the green glass goblet from Torcello. With all these trophies, together with the anecdote about how the waiter had apologized for the corked wine, "fresh he had remained," writes Turgenev of Sanin, with "above all, that peculiar naïvely cheerful, confiding, open, at the first glance somewhat foolish expression, by which in former days one could recognize . . . fine young landowners,

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born and reared in our open, half-wild country parts . . ."

In the Italian spring in Rome the girls put on their new print frocks and the traveler has no time to pay his tribute of admiration and delight to the first he sees advancing down the Corso before there is another, and then there are two, walking arm in arm, then a hundred come along, then, as with the kisses of Catullus, a thousand. Saved by the very multiplicity of beauty, Sanin had come forth unscathed, but Italy was not through with him: the many had prepared him for the one. That morning stroll in Frankfort brought him to Gemma. Gemma in a confectioner's shop was an Italian loveliness that remained in one place, an image that did not suddenly break up and become another as in a kaleidoscope; Gemma could be observed. Innocence and youth could admire and inevitably fall in love with innocence and youth. Even in Frankfort one could be romantic about it: there was Gemma's engagement to a German dolt to be broken; there was Gemma's honor for which to fight a duel; above all there were enthusiastic, rash promises to make. Sanin would enter the Russian foreign service; Sanin would sell his estate—only how does a young man conduct so complicated a business?—in order to live with Gemma and sell lemonade and candies in her mother's shop.

In romantic literature such an idyl could only end in disaster: Gemma might die of tuberculosis, or Sanin, upon learning that his serfs had set fire to his country house and that he was ruined, might generously hand a weeping Gemma back to her prospering German. Turgenev, however, is not telling a bittersweet little story for young ladies in Russian country houses to sigh over. He knows that spring torrents do not flow gently through the ordered channels of formal gardens. He knows that a young man suddenly awakened is vulnerable to any accident, and that the first object of youthful love is no more than the innocent companion of an innocent dream. The peril is not so much that a rainy dawn will bring an end to the dream as that the dream may change, as dreams do, suddenly and irrevocably, into a disordered nightmare. In the light of that sure if distressing knowledge, Turgenev has Sanin simply abandon his Gemma for another. She leaves the story save for a postscript in which it is revealed, after the traditional "years have passed," that Gemma has become Mrs. Jeremy Slocum, lives at 501 Broadway, New York, is the happy mother of a lovely girl who looks just like her, and has forgiven Sanin. Gemma was destined to escape a German marriage after all.

For Sanin, Turgenev provides a Russian with a complaisant husband, and it is in Turgenev's treatment of the old story of the woman who enslaves her lovers and casts them aside that one is sharply made aware of the incomparable superiority of Turgenev's artistic reticence over the insistence on the physical mechanics of passion indulged in by today's novelists. Thus Sanin and Maria Nikolaevna are at the opera, concealed from view in the rear of their box; they do not touch each other. They walk in the park; the only contact is Sanin's arm, formally offered and accepted. They ride in the German forest and still there is nothing explicit. Yet that ride is the all-revealing surge of emotion: "The horse took the leap, but Maria Nikolaevna's hat fell off her head, and her curls tumbled loose over her shoulders. Sanin was just going to get off his horse to pick up the hat, but she shouted to him, 'Don't touch it, I'll get it myself,' bent low down from the saddle, hooked the handle of her whip into the veil, and actually did get the hat. She put it on her head, but did not fasten up her hair . . . She looked straight before her and it seemed as though that soul longed to master everything it saw, the earth, the sky, the sun, the air itself. . . ." Later, at the end of the ride, with the horses at a walk, approaching a forester's hut, there are these words: "Then she looked at her gloves and took them off. 'My hands will smell of leather,' she said, 'you won't mind that? . . .'"

One is grateful that a new translation is available now that Constance Garnett's (Macmillan, 1897), closer in time to Turgenev and therefore perhaps more evocative in tone, is long out of print.

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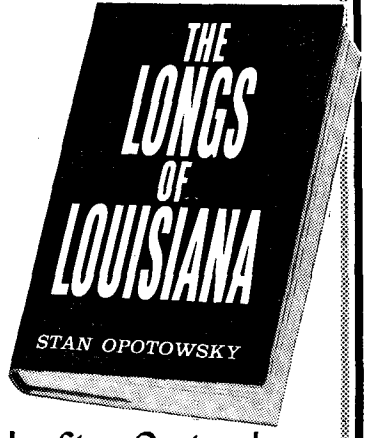

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Tarantula in a Chocolate Box

GEORGE STEINER

THE HUMBLER CREATION, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. *Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.*

England is good to its novelists. The compactness of the physical scene, the articulate precision of social and political circumstance, the fine-grained pliancy of the language, the strength of its literary, moral, and material tradition, give to the novelist a rich, controlling framework. He need not create for himself, out of a violent stress of imagination, the kind of local coherence which Faulkner has striven for in his invented county. He will not, like Thomas Wolfe, fall victim to the sheer immensity and rawness of his material. The surrounding presence of established critical values will protect him from those wild incongruities and streaks of bad taste which mar so many of the American classics. Whatever his imagination lights on—the houses and landscapes, the social conflicts, the religious or political life of his characters—echoes a great resonance of accumulated meaning. Other poets or playwrights or novelists have been there before him, and their work has put on the entire English setting a fine patina. The hand of Dickens and Thackeray still lies upon London; the political novelist of today can take up where Trollope left off; not even the distant nuances on which Jane Austen founded her art have lost all relevance. And on this island, so innocent of the fresh and disruptive impact of immigration, English preserves many of the tonalities and cadences it had when the novel began.

THE WAR and the social revolution of the late 1940's have not altered the great fact of continuity. On the contrary. The very narrowing of economic and political horizons which England is now experiencing has further concentrated the setting and the values with which a novelist is concerned. The country is more crowded than before, and there is a certain tiredness in its bones. This has sharpened the edges of social consciousness and brought the ancient practices and institutions of British life into more searching focus. As molecules collide more often and generate more heat when a gas is compressed, so a shrinkage of geographic and political horizons in a society will increase friction and produce a quickening of perception.

In the recent English novel we find both. There is, at the moment, a group of writers whom one might call the novelists of the diminishing future. They show us lecturers trapped in the mean stuffiness of provincial universities; smooth lads from the lower middle class clawing their way to the room at the top; soldiers or civil servants returned to dank boardinghouses from the lost expanse of imperial rule. William Golding's *Pincher Martin,* one of the most expressive postwar English novels, deals with a man half dead, trapped on a tiny speck of rock in the Atlantic. It is a brilliant study in suffocation. The old men are tired from having seen too much of war and broken expectation. The young men are angry because anger gives the mind a chance to flail about in a setting that has grown too orderly and compact.

But it is precisely this compactness that allows even the mediocre novelist to do work which is consistently professional. Over the last decade, there have been few English novels one would unreservedly pronounce great. Only one, perhaps: Lawrence Durrell's four-part *Justine.* And it is a crucial fact that Durrell avoids the English setting. On the other hand, there have not been many meteoric failures of the Norman Mailer type. The surrounding framework holds individual talent securely in place. The main body of recent English fiction has been intensely readable and solidly constructed.

Only a compact society with a generally accepted code of reference could allow Kingsley Amis to describe Lucky Jim as "making his Edith Sitwell face into the phone." The touch is glorious fun, but it

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depends on instantaneous response. Take away the assumed literacy in the reader and it falls dismally flat. And only a society in which a great mass of art and history has been imaginatively absorbed could allow Pamela Hansford Johnson to describe a character in her latest novel, *The Humbler Creation,* as "some pre-Raphaelite figure mourning at right angles over a tomb." Again, the writer presupposes that his work is surrounded by an assenting culture. In an American novel the comparison would seem mannered. Neither the pre-Raphaelite movement nor tombal statuary is of the current coin of American experience. The English novelist is working in a more restricted context, but he need make few concessions to illiteracy.

Miss Hansford Johnson avails herself of this prerogative. Her novel is beautifully wrought, and her style has a classic economy:

"The Fraser house, one of the last few prefabricated boxes in the neighbourhood, had something of that awful neatness which comes as the result of a struggle against odds. It had even a sort of prettiness. The frill pinned with drawing-pins to the mantelpiece was of the same fabric as the curtains; the Queen, tacked to the wall above, had on a dress of the same yellow as Mrs. Fraser's cushions. There was a pitiful touch of taste about the room, of a baffled artistic sense. At the core of it all was an incomprehensible horror, as if a tarantula had been packed into a chocolate box."

THE MARK of the craftsman is everywhere: in "the Queen" instead of "the Queen's picture," in the way the eye is led from the frill to the curtains and then back to the cushions in the room; above all, in the final shattering image. Nothing has prepared us for its graphic savagery, yet it derives naturally from what comes before.

That image is a key to *The Humbler Creation.* The book is a parable of dangerous confinement. Maurice Fisher, a vicar in a London parish, confined in the genteel decay of his surroundings, and confining within himself the desire for an emotional and sexual relationship which

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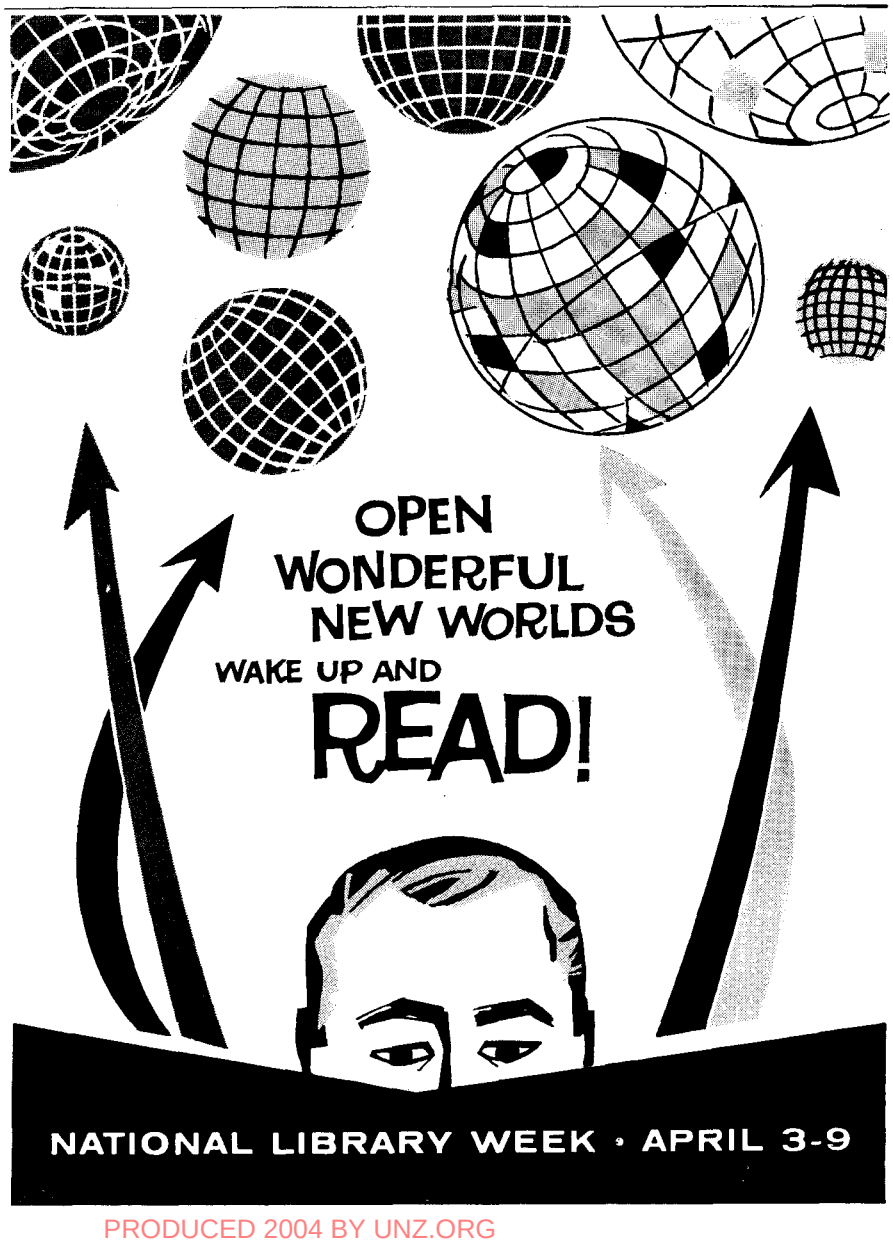

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his wife is no longer prepared to allow him. His sister-in-law Kate, trapped in the frustrations of widowhood and seeking some renewed access to life, even at the price of social and personal degradation. Westlake, the down-in-the-world journalist, imprisoned in his alcoholism and essential vulgarity. Each of them a captive of unfulfillment, and able to say, as does the vicar to his bishop: "I have no sort of life. I've had none for years." Their souls are damp with disappointment.

The actual tarantulas that bring on the crisis are not very large or dramatic beasts. Fisher falls in love with a young woman who has just returned from Canada. This is a precise and subtle touch, for it is her experience of a freer, more spacious ambiance which renders Alice Imber so attractive. Kate has an affair with Westlake and they are involved in a minor traffic accident. Libby, the vicar's chill wife, realizes that she has lost her hold over Maurice and hears middle age at her back. Small and banal disasters. But the surroundings are so narrow, the pressures of traditional morality so strong, that these minor crises have an explosive force. They set off reverberations that imperil the entire fabric of religious and social practice.

Matters are outwardly mended. In an effort of destructive abnegation, Fisher leaves his love unconsummated and Alice prepares to quit England. Kate and Westlake marry. The dust of venomous gossip settles again, and the annual garden fete goes off without scandal: "Tomorrow the Scouts would come in and clean everything up."

BUT NOT the debris in the heart. In each of the major characters the quick of life has been broken. They will carry on like animate shadows, performing the functions of life but not living. Miss Hansford Johnson conveys the sense of abdication with tremendous force. As he hurries away from Alice Imber, relinquishing her forever, Fisher comes into Vernon Square: "His church stood out against such a cramming together of stars that the sky itself was silver. The chopped spire was ugly in its mutilation, it looked defeated. He found himself thinking, They will have to restore it." Even the sky, which should convey to the mind a sense of boundless space, is crammed. And instead of directing the eye toward the stars, the spire stops short in ugly incompletion. Here, as in all really mature fiction, the sexual intimation is anchored in the larger social and philosophic meaning. The sexual defeat of Maurice Fisher echoes back to the greater terror which caused men to mutilate church spires lest they be thrown down by bombs. One of the last characters Fisher meets before the novel ends "melted away, walking south." Emptied of life, people melt, like apparitions.

Confinement has become Miss Hansford Johnson's major theme. Her preceding novel, *The Unspeakable Skipton,* dealt with a man trapped by his own fraudulent past. Skipton (a figure inspired by Baron Corvo) goes to seed amid the musty squalors of his room in Bruges—Bruges, "the dead city." Though the style has a glitter and ferocity absent from *The Humbler Creation,* the same weariness pervades both. May one hope that Miss Hansford Johnson will now look to more open ground? After all, those spires are being restored.

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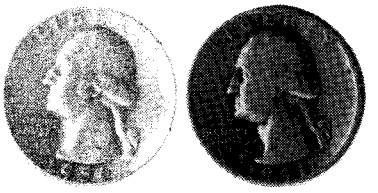

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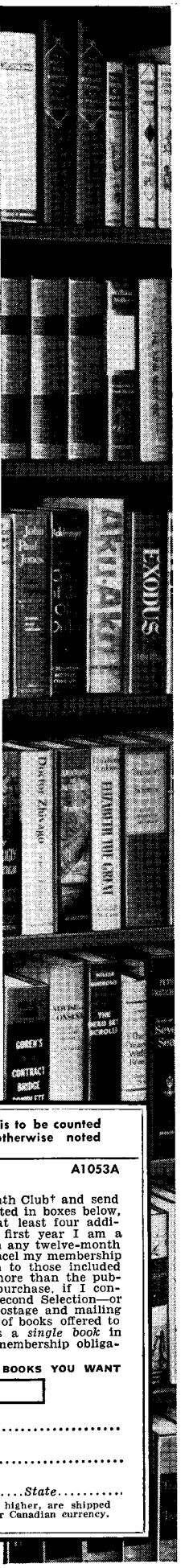

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